

# The Gulf Coast

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From GEORGE L. CROSS

North-Western Passenger Agent

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

CHICAGO, ILL.

# The Gulf Coast.

## LETTERS

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW ORLEANS "TIMES-DEMOCRAT,"

BY MR. R. A. WILKINSON.



PUBLISHED BY THE

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## INTRODUCTORY.

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**W**E take pleasure in presenting, in book form, the within letters written by Mr. R. A. Wilkinson, of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. Those who follow Mr. Wilkinson in his graphic description of the Gulf Coast (lying on the Southern Division of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, between Mobile and New Orleans) will spend a pleasant hour and be amply repaid for the time spent in its perusal.

Although Mr. Wilkinson is a very gifted writer, we know from personal experience that he has not drawn upon his imagination in describing the attractions of this coast, and that the tourist visiting it will find its reality fully up to the portrayal.

Sportsmen will see at a glance that Mr. Wilkinson is a lover of the rod and reel, and knows something in regard to handling the gun. He could not possibly have selected a more favorable location in which to experience the delights to be had with the breech-loader or the split bamboo, than the very spots he has so graphically written of. This is, truly, a sportsman's paradise; especially so in the winter months, when all other sections are barred on account of climatic influences. At this season, this region gives an extended field for all outdoor sports. To the denizens of a less-favored latitude, the Gulf Coast presents attractions of a more varied nature than any other Southern locality.

The train service of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad

is of such a character that the cities of New Orleans and Mobile can be reached in a very short time, and at a trifling expense. Those locating on the coast will find very low commutation rates between Gulf Coast points and these cities. It is unlike any other Southern resort; you can, if you so desire, have the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, *Picayune*, or Mobile morning papers to peruse at breakfast. In a word, you are in the midst of all climatic and sporting attractions, and yet by no means isolated. At each of the places described in Mr. Wilkinson's letters can be found telegraph, express, and ticket offices, and polite and attentive agents; baggage is checked between these points and all principal cities and towns in the United States.





## LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

ENGLISH LOOKOUT, LA., 1886.

**Y**OUR correspondent, accompanied by an artist companion, departed from New Orleans in a palatial coach of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad two days ago. In leaving the Crescent City by this route, one, be he stranger or home-folk, gets a fair impression of all the various branches of its immense business, and has a favorable opportunity to note the various phases of its cosmopolitan life. The start is at the foot of Canal street, the broad boulevard of its fashion, the leading thoroughfare of its population, and the meeting line where the old colonial town of French dominion is merged into the more modern American city.

As the train rolls out from the depot on its north-eastward journey, the crescent sweep of the mighty Mississippi, the empress of rivers, is seen to the right. The wide stream bears upon its breast, like so many palaces afloat, white and sparkling with glass, the fine passenger and freight packets that course the main waterway and the many long affluents that reach from mountains to mountains of the Mississippi valley. Its banks are lined by the long black hulls of ocean steamers from every continent and clime, or they are fringed by a naked forest of masts and spars standing above brown heaps of cotton bales, rows of sugar hogsheads, and barrels or piles of rice-bags.

Turning from the fleets of river steamboats, cotton, grain, and fruit steamers, stately sailing ships, huge freight piles, humming elevators, creaking derricks, struggling teams, busy longshoremen and crews of listless sailors leaning over the dark sides of their vessels, to the left are seen rising the tall buildings of our largest sugar refineries. Near these the handsome Sugar Exchange, imposing rows of mercantile buildings, and extensive barrel factories and cooperage establishments, emphasize the fact that here is the great Louisiana sugar market.

A little further on, behind its shrubbery-clad foregrounds of the Place d'Armes, stands the quaint old Cathedral St. Louis,

flanked by the more ancient palaces of archbishop and governor. The grassy plot of the Place d'Armes of ancient days, with its pleasant winding walks and rows and clusters of evergreen plants and trees, is now known by the stranger under the more brusque and homely title of Jackson Square.

The train, with clanging bell, rumbles slowly by long rows of buildings, with low, peaked roofs and heavy-arched columns. They are resonant with the dialect of every race and nation on the globe, from the taciturn tongue of the native Western Indian to the verbose vocalization of the almond-eyed, pig-tailed child of the Orient, from the harsh consonant-conquering speech of the Norseman and the Teuton to the melodious and softly-modulated language of the Latin. The rumble of the train can not drown the hum of converse in this modern Babel. This is the famous French Market, one of the greatest curiosities of New Orleans.

Leaving behind the French Market, with its wonderful anomaly of sounds and smells, the train stops to make connection with Morgan's Louisiana & Texas Railway, one of the Pacific trunk lines; and here the Louisville & Nashville Railroad possesses an advantage. They have no transfer between Texas, Mexico, and the extreme West and the cities of the South-east or those of the North-east, as the Eastern division of the Southern Pacific terminates where their track crosses it, and passengers step from one train to another.

After a fleeting glimpse at the extensive buildings of the United States Mint, the luxurious residences on the lower end of Esplanade street, and some of the largest Louisiana rice-mills, the traveler is transported northward through the city down the middle of another thoroughfare. This is the old Champs Elysees, the "fields of pleasure" that once marked the lower boundaries of New Orleans, where the provincial people were wont to have their evening promenades and meetings. The Americans built up the grounds, ran a street out toward Lake Pontchartrain through their center, and named it with the less euphonious translation of Elysian Fields.

Finally the train crosses the last drainage canal, and the city is left behind, with its outlying cottages and gardens, its distant factories and steeples, and its line of dim masts and smoking funnels that marks the sweep of its long river frontage, and the level

steel roadway lies along the crest of the Gentilly Ridge. This is crossed at last, with its farms and gardens and its old sugar plantations, and the cars suddenly plunge into a piece of typical Louisiana scenery.

Our artist's eyes brighten perceptibly at the picture of this dismal swamp, where pale cypress trunks tower aloft, straight and round as the pillars of a tall cathedral, supporting their dome of dark green foliage, and looped and festooned with the funereal ornamentation of the gray Spanish moss, which trails and swings to and fro in the air. In the sunless shadow of the forest big black pools of water, about which stand, in contorted shape, the hairy-trunks of the palmetto, bearing fronds of stiff and fan-like foliage. Far away, beyond the railroad clearing, the swamp is filled with a ghostly gloom, through which the crooked trunks and leaf stems of the latania appear as if they were the bodies and outstretched arms of a petrified race of goblins, standing a mute protest against their perpetual imprisonment.

Before the solitude of the swamp can become oppressive the train gradually emerges into light, and the traveler beholds before him the broad, limitless sweep of the sea-marsh of Louisiana.

It is all a sea of verdure, reaching from the forest as from a shore, and stretching away to the edge of the descending blue sky at the distant horizon. It is a Sahara without its sand, and an ocean without a sail; an endless growth of waving green, with its billows of mangrove bushes, its reefs of reedy brakes, and its islets of bay trees or laurie groves.

This sea-marsh is intersected by many bayous, and dotted with numerous lakes, where green vegetable rafts of lotus leaves and lily pads turn slowly with the tide, or float lazily about, blown by the breath of the salt breeze which comes constantly sweeping in from the Gulf of Mexico.

A long blast sounds from the locomotive whistle - the train is checked near the bank of a wide and winding bayou, and the brakeman opening the coach-door shouts, *Chef Menteur*.

The Americans have wisely failed to Anglicize the name of this broad pass connecting Lake Borgne, or the "One-Eyed Lake," with the waters of Lake Pontchartrain, or "Bridge of the Coach Train." *Chef Menteur* has a pretty sound in French. In English it simply means "Biggest Liar."

One of the Louisiana historians, we believe, says that this bayou was so called because a noted old Indian chief, of an unapproachable talent for mendacity, during the colonial days pitched his wigwams on its banks. Another more plausible reason for its singular title exists in the fact that in the days of Louisiana explorers it was mistaken for the main entrance from the Gulf or Lake Borgne into Lake Pontchartrain, having a deep entrance into the former lake, through a very narrow channel near the latter. It is supposed that some irascible French navigator, after having vainly tried that short and apparently practicable route from the seacoast colonies to the Island of Orleans, and having had his vessel turned back by the shoals, impatiently baptized the deceptive strait permanently with this opprobrious epithet. Some chroniclers state that it also sadly misled Admiral Cochrane and Sir Edward Pakenham in their fruitless efforts to capture New Orleans during the war of 1812. They endeavored to transport troops to the rear of the city through the Bayou Chef Menteur in a flotilla of boats and barges, but were foiled by the shallow mudflats which blocked its channel, and were compelled to put back into Lake Borgne, whence Pakenham sought the Mississippi river banks, the battlefield of Chalmette, and his own Philipp through the Bayou Bien-venu, or "Welcome Creek," as it will probably be called a hundred years hence.

On the right bank of Chef Menteur, and immediately to the left of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, near the supposed turning point of the British flotilla, there is an old brick fort called Fort M'Comb. It is punctured by many embrasures for light guns, surmounted by a pile of brown barracks rising above the crest of its low walls, and partially surrounded by a place thickly overgrown with grass, reeds, and briars. The only garrison the scribe and the artist saw in possession was a great gray heron, which at the sound of the whistle arose from the verge of the moat, with slowly-flapping pinions and harsh croaks of displeasure at the temerity of the locomotive in disturbing the solitude of his hermitage; then, settling back, perched upon the parapet, drew one leg up to his stomach, sunk his long serpentine neck into his breast-feathers, and looked as lonely as if he might have been, in transmigrated shape, the ghost of old Chef Menteur himself, returned to mourn over the graves of his departed tribe.

Soon "The Chef," as the wordily-economical railroad men call it, is crossed on a magnificent iron bridge, and the train speeds along the solid and firm embankment of stone and shells and earth, a great viaduct that modern engineering has built through the Louisiana marshes. The rushing cars wake up a few hundred sleepy alligators, basking in the lakes and bayous, into stupid, wide-eyed curiosity; scare the little blue herons, or Creole "cap-caps," from the tops of the mangrove bushes into hurried flight; or flush occasionally a purple, red-crowned water rail from his stately and royal promenade over the floating lily and lotus rafts; or send clouds of chattering blackbirds off into the bending reed brakes.

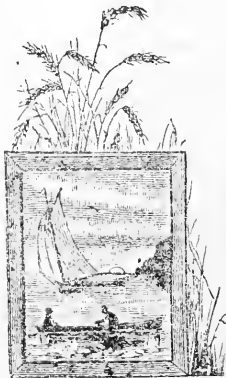
Another loud whistle denotes that we are approaching the Rigolets, where a few residences of a humbler class, club-houses, government light towers, and other architectural surprises, rising on so treacherous a foundation, betoken the fact that man has here gained a firm foothold on the marshes, and can live perfectly free from malaria, as the region is well purified by periodic tidal overflow from the Gulf.

The Rigolets form the main navigable channel from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Pontchartrain. These passes were thus named by the knightly Bienville, who, after much searching, had found in them a means of quick communication between his colony at Biloxi and the Mississippi river, near the present site of Baton Rouge. Bienville's route to the Mississippi river was along the sound, through the Rigolets, across Pontchartrain through Pass Manchac, across Lake Maurepas, through the Bayou Manchac and into the Mississippi river near the village of the Bayagoula Indians. This water route to the Mississippi from Mobile and the seacoast was used by the French colonists in trading with the Chetimachas, Bayagoulas, Natchez, Tunica, and Yazoo Indian tribes. It probably would have been open now, but General Jackson, to blockade the British out of the Mississippi, in 1814, felled a whole forest into Bayou Manchac; the Mississippi covered that forest with mud, and now the bed of the Bayou Manchac is a sugar plantation.

Bienville was so delighted at the discovery of this entrance that, in his profound gratitude to Providence, he named it "Les Rigolets de Bon Dieu," which in English, means "Straits of the Good God." Understanding this, one is prone to believe that Bienville

himself was the distinguished French gentleman who, in the bitterness of his disappointment, called the false passage *Chef Men-tour*. Fortunately, Louisiana has another French geographical name, which must be retained, because it can not be translated without frequent injury to the decalogue.

Stopping awhile at the station to discharge a few squads of amateur anglers, the train started again, crossing the Rigolets on the steel bridge, that has for its foundation grouped creosoted piles. These piles are driven to a depth of seventy and eighty feet in groups of eight and ten, and banded together with immense wrought-iron bands. On these substantial foundations eight spans of steel furnish a safe crossing of this wonderful stream. Leaving Rigolets, and running along a narrow neck of land, with Lake Borgne to the east and Pontchartrain to the west, we soon arrive at English Lookout, which is now one of the most noted fishing and hunting resorts in the South or in the entire country, and is within sight of the bravest and bloodiest naval battle ever fought in the Gulf of Mexico.



LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

ENGLISH LOOKOUT, LA., 1886.

**F**EW of the tourists or travelers, whose journeyings northward or southward happen to lead them over the sea marsh of Louisiana, lying along the railroad route from New Orleans to Mobile, would imagine that this region had an interesting history.

One seeing the white sails of lumber schooners and little fishing smacks dreamily drifting about the waters of Lakes Pontchartrain and Borgne would scarcely realize the fact that the tapering tall masts and swelling canvas of war fleets were once seen far away in the outer offing; and that the grass-grown wastes and winding bayous ever trembled with the roar and rumble of cannon.

The average hunter from other sections would think, too, that the region was wholly given up to the alligators, the herons, and the marsh-hens, and would scout the idea that it was one of the favorite winter haunts and homes of the lordly canvas-back, the luscious mallard, the swift-flying, green-winged teal, and every other variety of migratory duck. He would scarcely believe the great Audubon himself, if he read that eminent naturalist's words saying that the fleet American deer frequented such pastures, and that every fall the gallant *Cervus Virginianus* rubbed the summer velvet off his horns against the boughs and stems of the mangrove bushes; or he would laugh at the statement that the banks of its bayous and the brinks of its lotus-fringed ponds were the home of the rich-furred otter.

Yet both the local historian and the Louisiana hunter know that the above statements are strictly true. English Lookout is now a celebrated field headquarters for Southern sportsmen, and more particularly for the devotees of the rod and reel. Seventy-two years ago it was the headquarters for the commanders of an English force of invasion, and then obtained the name it owns to the present day.

The old Lookout point was in a cluster of pines, which grew

on a large mound a few yards east of the present Louisville & Nashville Railroad track. The pines and most of the mound are now gone. The old settlers say that some of the trees were blown down in the "Last Island storm," August 10, 1856, and that the others and most of the material of the mound were used in railroad construction in more recent years. The place is in sight of the scenes of the first serious conflict in the fierce struggle for the capture of New Orleans in the war of 1812.

On the morning of November 14, 1814, a flotilla of Admiral Cochrane's fleet, which, only a short time before, had aided in the capture and burning of Washington, left Malheureux Island (our American Grass Island), near the mouth of the Rigolets, to attack the little American squadron that, under the command of Lieutenants Jones and Parker, was placed for the defense of the straits and the channel into Lake Pontchartrain.

American history says that the British fleet consisted of forty-three barges, mounting forty-three cannons, and manned by twelve hundred men, and the Americans had only five barges, with as many cannons, and one hundred and eighty-five men. After a terrific conflict the American Commander was severely wounded and all his boats were destroyed or captured, the assailants losing over three hundred men before they achieved their Pyrrran victory; of our forces but ten were killed and thirty-five wounded. These figures might be altered after access to the archives of the British war office, but as these are at present inaccessible, a reliance must be placed upon our own government's return of the comparative lists of casualties.

After the bloody battle the English buried their dead on the east bank of Pearl river, where one sees the live-oak sheltered mounds to the right of the railroad track going northward. The old natives say that they have another cemetery behind the breastworks on Pearl river, at Jackson's Landing, near the mouth of Mulatto Bayou. During recent years mouldy skulls and rusty musket barrels have been brought, by native fishers and hunters, to the club-houses of the Lookout, as grim relics of our last war with England.

The English then established a lookout in the noted clump of pines, between Pearl river and the Rigolets, to watch the maneuvers of their distant fleet out in the Gulf, and to get warning of



any approach of another American flotilla from Lake Pontchartrain.

English Lookout at the present day bears the appearance of quite a little village, with a comfortable railway station, an express and telegraph office, one or two refreshment houses and saloons, several club-houses, an extensive custom-house building, with the cross-barred ensign floating from its flagstaff, and the Pearl river mail steamer lying at its wharf.

The celebrity of the place, however, rests upon its fame as a fishing and hunting resort. More on the former, as Lake Catherine, with its shooting boxes, is nearer the most frequented duck ponds and feeding grounds.

The shooting in all this region is confined to the colder weather of fall and winter; and the hunting fields and flats are mostly south of the "Lookout," along the branches of the Rigolets, Lake Catherine, the "Seven Ponds and Chef Menteur, and nearer the huntsman's headquarters of Miller's, Steiteiger's," and others. Nearer English Lookout five deer, run by hounds, have been killed in a single hunt. The best snipe grounds are said to be in the vicinity of the Chef Menteur and Pearl river, but the flats about Lake Catherine are par excellence the duck-shooters' paradise, and are consequently subjected to heavy raids by the skilled amateur sportsmen of many of the Southern cities. The "blind" and point shooting over the decoys furnishes the most enjoyable of all the sports by flood and field. The brisk north of November or December, with its frosty breath, invigorates the true sportsmen with tingling ozone, until his nerves become steel and his muscles tireless. In the light canoe, or hunting pirogue of the professional, at early dawn he repairs to his favorite shooting point and awaits the coming of good shooting light and the commencement of the morning flight. The first flock goes whistling by in the semi-darkness, showing an indistinct line against the dark-gray sky. It evokes a flash of burning powder and the resounding boom of the ten-gauge breech-loader, followed by a welcome sounding thud or splash in the grass or the water. The shrill whirr of another flock, the sweetest music to a sportsman's ear, is heard overhead, calling up a double report from the marsh grass; an apparent echo responds from a distant point, and before sunrise one would imagine that a small war had broken out in the

marshes. By noon the flight is over, and the satisfied sportsmen return to the club-houses laden with specimens of mallards, teal, pintail, canvas back, black duck, and other varieties in quantity beyond the most sanguine hopes of the best hunters of Chesapeake Bay and Long Island Sound.

English Lookout is considered one of the best fishing localities along or near the coast of the Gulf. Its surrounding waters—the Rigolets, Pearl river, and Lake Borgne—are liberally patronized by four limited clubs, composed chiefly of Waltonians from the Crescent City, who have, each, separate and commodious club-houses around the railroad station. These organizations are known under the names of the “Lookout,” “Pearl river,” “Ballejo,” and “Bush” clubs. Beside these, hundreds of the citizens of New Orleans and other Southern cities and towns visit the place, and avail themselves of its splendid fishing facilities.

The more numerous varieties of fish abounding in the adjacent waters are the Southern “green trout,” or the black bass, according to Commissioner Seth Green; croackers and sea trout, which count for nothing in those fishing grounds; sheephead, redfish, the carancke, cavalle, or jackfish, and the justly-celebrated silver-fish, tarpon, or grande ecale, the gamest fish in the Mexican Gulf, or any other part of the ocean for that matter.

The green trout, better adapted to fresh or slightly brackish water than all the other varieties, requires the most alluring bait and the most subtle piscatorial art to capture him. He prefers to kill his own game; hence, the angler who wishes to be successful in getting him out of his element must employ live bait, sea shrimp, cacahao, or salt-water minnows, revolving metal spoons, which simulate frog or fish life, or feather and hair “bobs” that are made to skip above the surface of the water, as if they were water moths or dragon flies dipping for a bath.

The president of one of the Lookout fishing clubs captured one hundred and thirty-nine green trout in one morning by cautiously working along the flag roots and the lily pods of the bayous. The green trout in this vicinity run from one pound to seven pounds in weight. The striped bass, a much rarer variety of fish than the last named, is frequently caught. The largest landed with rod and reel, with a record furnished, was forty inches in length and nineteen pounds in weight.

The sheephead, one of the finest fish in the Gulf of Mexico, seems to be a reliable and voracious biter in the Lookout fishing region; catches of fifty or sixty a day, by a single fisherman, are matters of such common occurrence as to be considered unworthy of comment. He will rise to the veriest tyro's hand, induced by no greater attractions than pieces of sea or river shrimp, or fragments of broken crab.

The redfish is one of the most beautiful members of the whole piscine tribe. When forced at last to leave his congenial element to take his place in the bottom of the fishing boat, he comes up gasping and flashing with crimson and gold, absolutely dazzling in his brilliancy of coloring. Game and gallant is the fight he makes for his life, straining rod, line, and reel, and exercising all the angler's nerve and skill to land him safely, unless he be hung by some pot-fisher with a clothes-line and a hook forged in a blacksmith's shop. The redfish vary in weight from two to forty pounds, and are voracious biters and most valiant fighters.

The caraucke, or cavallo, furnishes an immense amount of fun in the catching, and none in the eating.

The magnificent silverfish is the king of the Gulf and the lakes. Away over off the Florida coast they call him the tarpon; and many long legions of his prowess have been printed in the Northern press. Down in the westward Louisiana bays the Creole and Dago fishermen call him the "grande ecaile," or "big scale," and pull for the shore when they hook him, filled with the firm conviction, which has become traditional among them, that the grande ecaile leaps against his enemy in desperation when he feels that he has no chance of escaping the cruel hold of the hook.

The writer has yet to see a Louisianian who has landed his first silverfish with the rod and reel. He would gladly make honorable mention of any candidates for such distinction in the art piscatorial. A noted disciple of Walton, last season, hooked no less than eleven in the Rigolets; others were towed a mile or two backward and forward by these wild horses of the sea. Nearly all of the specimens were between six and seven feet in length, but not one of them was accurately measured ashore. Silverfish tackle is now being conspicuously displayed in the show windows of the New Orleans fishing emporiums, and silverfish are now biting in and about the Rigolets, and some ambitious angler has a

brilliant chance of covering himself with glory by conquering one of these flying, leaping, flashing racers of the Mexican main.


The fishing around English Lookout is now at its best, and all people who may be on piscatorial pleasure bent can find no better field for the play of their diversions than is afforded in the locality described. It is strange, when one comes to consider how accessible this spot is to the sportsmen of the country, that comparatively so few care to avail themselves of the finest sport to be had in the country.

The fall and winter fishing near the Lookout is excellent, and at that season nearly all of the fish of the Gulf are in their best condition, and ready for the dexterous line-casters of the Northern lakes, who might come down and teach their Southern brethren of the rod and reel how to tackle the tarpon.



## LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

DAY ST. LOUIS, MISS., 1886.

N the 10th instant the chronicler of this narrative, after a parting salutation with its sun-browned citizens and sportsmen, and a regretful glance at the glistening bunches of green trout, sheepshead, and redfish that were being transported to the north-bound train, left Louisiana and English Lookout and landed in Mississippi, on the east bank of Pearl river.

Pearl river, flowing from its head of navigation, three hundred miles distant, at Carthage, in Leake county, Miss., passes through Jackson, the capital of this flourishing and rapidly-growing State, affords a navigable waterway for a fertile cotton country, and intersects the great Southern pine belt in its very center. It penetrates the finest lumber region in America, which, comparatively undeveloped, is even now receiving the earnest attention of Michigan and Minnesota capitalists and lumbermen, who, anticipating the early exhaustion of the Northern pine forests, are looking southward with a view of transferring the lumber industry of the country to a wider and more prosperous field. The river is already bordered by many saw-mills, thriving lumber settlements, and prosperous towns; and large numbers of sea-going vessels are annually loaded, in the offing in front of its mouth, with yellow pine for the Mexican, South American, and European markets.

The mouth of the Pearl into the Gulf of Mexico, or, more directly, Mississippi sound, is surrounded by the sea marsh. Near the Louisville & Nashville Railroad crossing, and higher up at the confluence of Mulatto bayou, huge shell mounds, covered with live-oak groves and forests, rise above the marshes. Seventy odd years ago they were used as cemeteries by the English and Americans for the interment of slain soldiers and sailors. In prehistoric ages they were apparently employed for the same purpose, as skeletons, fragments of pottery, stone hatchets, and arrow-heads are frequently excavated from their depths by the shell dealers, who boat them away to be sold for paving the streets and drives of Southern cities. The constant appearance of oak groves upon

their crests might induce the belief that they were mounds built and planted with trees for the performance of some mysterious Druidical rites. But these mounds, according to the testimony of archæologists and conchologists, were there before the alleged Tuttee occupation of Mississippi, thirteen centuries ago, and before Noah left the stranded ark high and dry on Mount Ararat. Some men of scientific attainments maintain that they were not used as places of interment, but that some mighty mundane convulsion, which hurled the shells into heaps from the sands of the sea, overwhelmed men and beasts that dwelt near the margin of the deep, and piled their bodies and carcasses promiscuously with the shells into the thousands and thousands of acres of mounds that rise above the marshes of Mississippi and lower Louisiana. In these modern times men do not stop to inquire whether they were a result of one of the freaks of the fabled Deucalion deluge, or of Noah's more authentically recorded flood. They pave their roadways with them, and ride smoothly over them in rough costermonger carts or luxurious coaches, and that is enough for all purposes of life. They would prove to be of wonderful interest to sight-seers from other climes.

To the eastward of Pearl river broad sweeps of grassy savannas stretch from the distant pinelands to the sea, down between intervening islands and peninsulas of forests. Here are thousands and tens of thousands of acres of magnificent grazing lands, watered by hundreds of meandering rivulets and creeks; meadows, clad with rich and luxuriant perennial herbage; dry tablelands, sheltered and shaded by clumps and clusters of oak and pine; and undulating swells, which roll away like the weald of Surrey without its countless flocks. In Bienville's time it was the natural home of the buffalo—the "*Terre aux Bœufs*," or "*Land of Beeves*."

For two years after the landing of Iberville, at Ship island, the French colonists of this seacoast considered buffalo wool and pearls the staple commodities of the country. Crozat, the great Parisian monopolist, obtained a charter for the exclusive enjoyment of this trade. The colonists procured quantities of buffalo wool, and tried to domesticate the buffaloes in pens built of pine posts. They never got any pearls worth mentioning, though they scoured the coast in quest of them. It is not improbable that a few pearl-

bearing oysters, found by them near its mouth, gave its name to Pearl river.

Some of the ante-bellum residents still call Hancock and Harrison, the seacoast counties of the State, the "cow counties of Mississippi." The title is more likely to have descended from the presence of great buffalo droves in the region than from the quantity of domestic cattle once reared here. In Texas and Colorado the departed droves of the bison have long since given place to far more numerous and valuable herds of cattle; and the yell of the Comanche, glutted with the savage butchery of the flying beasts, has been hushed by the festive whoop of the cow-boy, rounding up the immense herds of fatted beeves for the long eastward drive. On the Mississippi seacoast the vanished bison has not been followed by the fattening beef. The great waste of cheap and valuable pasture lands, lying in a long stretch, green with herbage and abundantly watered, east of Pearl river, is not utilized. It does not contain one animal, where a thousand might roam and grow fat.

Journeying from Pearl river, and passing the pine-clad plains and shores of Gulf View and Toulme, with occasional sweeps of sparkling sea seen through the car window, we arrived next and stopped at Waveland, one of the many popular pleasure resorts of the Gulf Coast.

The railroad station at Waveland, a few hundred yards in the rear of the center of the beautiful village, is about forty-five miles distant from New Orleans. Our party was conveyed to the beach and the residence of one of its characteristically hospitable citizens in his private carriage, and subsequently, in the same vehicle, along the entire front of the town.

This delightful resort is well named. The waves of the Gulf, with crystal limpidity and white crests, come rippling in from the broad summer sea beyond, leaving the white sands of the sloping beach, and breaking into sparkling foam at the end of their long voyage from the distant, unseen southward islands. With bold and curving sweep the forest-covered points and headlands of the coast line put out into the waters of the sound, as if the bending pines and the swaying live-oaks had marched forth in troops to meet the salt sea-breeze that comes rustling and singing through their evergreen foliage. The shining belt of white sand which

lies just beyond the foot of the forest, dwindling away in perspective to a silvery hair, where the faint purple haze of distance mellow the woodland to a tint merging into the hue of the sky, is but a dividing line separating the soft shades of coloring in the landscape, the pale, cool sea-green of the waves and the deeper verdure of the woods.

The summer villas and winter residences of the inhabitants are in harmony with the natural scene. Cottages, whose porch columns and balcony railings are covered by clambering roses and sweet-scented, clinging vines; shadowy, wide-roofed mansions, with broad verandas and airy halls, resting at a respectable distance back from the beach to give the dignity of great extent to the verdant lawns in the foreground; and light structures, built by luxury to court the delicious languor that comes stealing in with the winds from the far-away tropic seas.

The village extends along the coast in a succession of such habitations for several miles—miles of sparkling waves, shining sands, velvety green banks, and forest-clad headlands. The rude Northern winter never gains a foothold in such a locality; there might be a slow transformation from the vernal brightness of the Southern summer, and the subdued softness of a golden, rich-leaved autumn, but here one could never find the skeleton nakedness of leafless forests, the fair earth resting under a funeral winding-sheet of snow, and the voice of babbling rills and laughing streams hushed into frozen silence.

This is Waveland. Its people have done well to call it so; but it is a pity they can not fasten to it a double appellation, denoting that it is also the land of the summer breeze.

When Dr. Kane, the gallant Arctic explorer, spent his two long winters, imprisoned in the wreck of the *Advance*, among the stranded ice-floes of the frozen zone, he was often wont to visit a certain headland where he could gaze far away southward, toward home. The Esquimaux called the rocky eminence “Anoatok,” or “the wind-loved spot.” If there be an “Anoatok” on this coast it must be near Waveland; or the name is deserved by the entire Mississippi seacoast, where the almost perpetual south wind robs the summer solstice of its fervid heat, and the short winter of its frosty rigors.

Waveland has very rapidly increased in the number of its



houses and its inhabitants within the past few years. There is yet a large extent of coast in its vicinity, and less within its limits, which could be profitably or advantageously devoted to summer residences, winter homes or hotels for Northern tourists. It will only be a question of time when its growth, as a practical suburb of New Orleans, ceases to depend upon the increase of population in the Crescent City, though it has advanced rapidly under that active stimulus. Its bright future lies not alone in its excellence as a summer resort, but in its advantages as a winter abiding place for the denizens of a colder clime.

After a most enjoyable visit to Waveland, our party, honored by the accompanying presence of their host and charming hostesses, were whirled away over the smooth shell drive bordering the beach, seven miles, to the town of Bay St. Louis.



## LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

BAY ST. LOUIS, MISS., 1886.

**B**AY ST. LOUIS was entered by Iberville, and its banks settled upon by a small French colony one hundred and eighty-five years ago.

The explorers found a beautiful sheet of water, two miles wide at its mouth, and expanding, as it stretched toward the interior, between its forest-clad borders. It receives the tributary waters of three streams, the Boisdore, Portage, and Wolf river, of our day, from the east, and Jourdan river on its westward side.

The French were fond of sainting their great Bourbon sovereign in his New World dominions. The grandest river in the unexplored continent, the old Indian Mississippi, was called the River St. Louis. The forest-engirdled bay on this seacoast was named the Bay of St. Louis, and all the way from Northern Acadia to the straggling colonies along the Gulf of Mexico there were enough St. Louises to offset the mortal misdemeanors of the puissant monarch at home.

In all this region, strange to say, there appear to be no landmarks to perpetuate the names of the knightly men who brought the Old World's civilization and arts to a barbaric land—no town, village, plain, hill, river, or bay that bears such names as Iberville, Bienville, Sauvolle, St. Denys, Hubert, Boisbriant, Chateaugne, Bernard de la Harpe, and other captains and chevaliers who won and ruled the country.

There is a comparatively elevated plateau of an area of approximately thirty square miles, that juts out as a peninsula into the western side of Bay St. Louis. It is separated from the mainland on the north by Jourdan river, a large, deep stream, washed on the south by the waters of Mississippi sound, and fronts eastward on Bay St. Louis. The land of this peninsula is from ten to twenty feet above the sea level. As far back as tradition goes this immediate section was used by the Choctaws, Chickasaws, Alabama, and other Indian tribes as a summer health resort, and it

was even visited by the remote Natchez tribe. In the territorial days of Mississippi it was frequented by the planters of Adams, Jefferson, and Claiborne counties, who visited it by overland roadways and bridle paths.

The first important settlement was located at the extremity of the point, between the waters of the bay and those of the sound, the present site of the town.

In 1814 the village was threatened by Cochrane's British flotilla.

The lamented and learned historian, Claiborne, of Mississippi, when here a few years ago, related an amusing incident of this attack. The place was defended by three small cannon (at least small for these days) and a weak garrison, who were for beating a hasty retreat when they saw the overwhelming force of men in boats approaching the shore. An aunt of Colonel Claiborne, then residing here, had visited the shore to watch the coming of the distant British; when she heard that the garrison had determined to evacuate the place she snatched a lighted cigar from the hands of an officer and touched off one of the guns. Finding the place defended by respectable-sized cannon, the British retired. The American schooner, Seahorse, was sent to defend the settlement until the military stores collected there could be brought off. The British flotilla attempted twice to capture this vessel but failed. Returning a third time in great force they would have succeeded, but the commander of the Seahorse blew up his vessel, burned the stores, and spiked the guns, which were bored out after the war of 1812. During the civil war the Federal forces threw two of the cannon into the sound. The more famous piece was hidden away in the back part of the town. Mr. Ulman, a prominent citizen of the town, says the last salute it fired was lighted four years ago, on the Fourth of July, by the hand of Colonel J. F. H. Claiborne, who begged the honor of firing a gun with which a woman had scared a British fleet. The gun, with broken carriage and rusted barrel, is now lying near the railroad track.

When the little settlement grew into a town it was called, after an officer in the old United States army, Shieldsboro, a name which it bore until recent years, when it was rechartered under the name of Bay St. Louis. It was an appropriate step to get back to a French name; though, to save the necessity of such awkward conversational distinctions as the *town* of Bay St. Louis and the

bay of Bay St. Louis, it might have been more convenient, at least, to have honored some of the men who made history here nearly two centuries ago in naming it.

The present town of Bay St. Louis is practically a city. It has, with its modern suburb of Ulmanville, a summer population of between seven and eight thousand; and its winter inhabitants number between three and four thousand. It is provided with a fine depot and railroad office by the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company, over whose line it is only fifty miles from New Orleans, and ninety from Mobile.

The refined Creole population of the Crescent City regard Bay St. Louis with great favor, and respond to the exceptional compliment paid to one of the greatest of their illustrious line of princes in its naming by liberally patronizing the resort. Many of the families residing there themselves bear the historic names of men who have figured conspicuously in the colonization of this portion of Mississippi and all of Louisiana. It is here that one can find citizens as polished and polite as those that frequent the fashionable boulevards and clubs of Paris; and women as beautiful only as Creole women are.

Bay St. Louis, in the summer, is a little Paris within itself, or a fashionable suburb of that lesser American Paris, the French part of New Orleans. Even in winter it has a comparatively large Creole population. Yet the Saxon race has several thousand representatives in town.

"The Bay," as the Anglo-Saxon denizens are wont to call it, has streets along its water frontage eight or ten miles long, and magnificent shell drives extending throughout this distance. It is a compactly-built little city—as compactly as a partiality for shade trees, shrubbery, flower gardens, and grassy lawns around its beautiful villas and cool cottages will permit. Its streets near the sound and the Bay St. Louis contain large numbers of handsome private residences, and many extensive boarding-houses. The largest hotel in the town was burned to the ground seven years ago. There is talk of replacing it by a much larger and more handsome edifice, to meet the demands of Northern winter travelers and tourists.

Quite a number of Northerners spent a large portion of last winter in the town, and expressed high opinions of the attractions

of this locality as a winter resort. Many of the fine summer boarding-houses are kept open in the winter to accommodate the hundred of Northern people who have found this such a pleasant winter home. If all the vacant rooms and residences, utilized in the accommodation of a surplus population of several thousand during the summer, were available during the winter, the number of the inhabitants of Bay St. Louis might be kept permanently between seven and eight thousand. They might be easily made available, as both summer and winter visitors could frequent the place, and live at a very low cost for rents, rooms, and board, which would result from residences, boarding-houses, and hotels being occupied and enjoying a full business during twelve months of the year. The times of the two classes of visitors would harmonize exactly. The excess of summer population resides here from the beginning of June to the middle of October. The Northern tourists usually remain in the South from November to May. Thus, it is easily seen that Bay St. Louis, with only its present accommodations (and they are certainly most excellent), can accommodate, every winter, from two to three thousand Northern tourists. The day must come when it will find itself subjected to the demand of entertaining even a much more numerous throng from the North than that; and it seems that the people have it in their power to make the date of that day early.

The long pierheads projecting out into the bay and sound, built on pine posts, and ending in ornamental kiosks, pagodas, or plain bath-rooms, indicate the fact that sea-bathing is one of the most popular of summer luxuries indulged in by the population, and groups of big-hatted urchins, with bare legs, faces as solemn as if they thought life was but a serious business at best, and, as they deemed that the price of both hard and soft-shelled crabs was at a figure that would justify an immediate strike, carrying baskets of loaded crabs on their arms, inform the stranger that crustacean delicacies are a perfect drug in the market. Fish-dealers, oyster-men, vegetable-venders, and butchers' men, the figurative edible-bearing mountains that the hungry Mahomets must seek, or go to, in other localities and cities, here come to the homes and hotels of the people. Living is so cheap, or its means are, that one need not bow down to his butcher and his baker as to his lord and master.

The aquatic diversions of yachting and rowing are participated in by both sexes, though the young ladies seem to prefer to row, or be rowed, in Bay St. Louis rather than in the more open sound, as in the former sheet the water is smoother.

It is probably beyond the province of an article like this to discuss the municipal government, the chartered associations, churches, convents, schools, social organizations, etc., of the town. It is sufficient to say that it is one of the best-governed and most orderly little cities in the country, the preponderance of its population being refined and highly cultivated. Religion and education are held at a premium within its limits, disorderly revels are discountenanced, and the fascinating pleasures of fashionable society allowed full sway.

In the Bay St. Louis suburb of Ulmanville, Mr. A. A. Ulman, a leading citizen of the place, has developed a novel industry. On a branch of the Severn river, one of the Maryland Senators—possibly Mr. Gorman—has a terrapin farm, or a twenty-acre shoal staked off from the shore and devoted to the rearing of “diamond-back terrapins.” Diamond-back terrapins and champagne are expected concomitants to any respectable feast in the country around about Washington, though they be costly, gout-engendering luxuries. The Maryland Senator has a small fortune in his terrapin pasture, and the Mississippi speculator has a limited pattern of the farm. The celebrated Gulf Island terrapins are just as good as Maryland diamond backs, tasteful Creole gastronomists and bon vivants generally well know. In this seacoast terrapin-rearing establishment, the proprietor procures his parent stock from the sand islands, southward, from terrapin-hunting men and dogs. In a large enclosed pond, well palisaded, there are nearly one thousand grown terrapins nursing little terrapins, which, on reaching maturity, will be shipped to Baltimore, New York, Washington, and other cities, and sold for one dollar a head, or tail, whichever end may be emerging from the shell at the time they meet the purchaser's eye. In the same cities, there is an eager market for a thousand times the number annually shipped from the Mississippi seacoast. It might be well to suggest that this appears to be a promising business, and, as the gentleman said to his speculative friend who proposed to send over to Italy for a lot of gondolas for the lake in Central Park, “It would be just as

well to get a pair and let them breed," as terrapins (not gondolas) are very prolific.

There is an extensive woolen factory in the rear of the suburb, which is owned and operated by Mr. Ulman. This is dependent upon the sheep-raising business in the vicinity of Bay St. Louis, which is about the most important of all the stock-growing industries pursued along the seacoast. There are several large sheep farms, or ranges, conducted on the banks of Jordan river, several miles from the Gulf. In that locality, four or five stockmen own considerable-sized flocks, the largest numbering about three thousand head of sheep and the smallest at least a thousand. The business is carried on by numbers of smaller herdsmen, who own each from a hundred to two or three hundred sheep. The "Lake" wool, as the wool from this part of the country is known, is considered by Southern buyers and Northern manufacturers to be of the finest quality in the country, and always commands the highest prices in the market.

According to the information furnished the writer, this business is carried on without the least care or attention to the flocks. They are left to roam at will without the protection of the herder, and generally, for the entire year, without shelter from the weather. They may be better for this neglect, and may, consequently, acquire the hardiness of constitution common to their distant cousins, the cervine race, for there is not an epidemic sheep disease known in the region. But they are sheared in season and out of season, and oftener left to shed their own valuable wool. They thrive and grow fat without an enemy, except that foe to mankind and friend to the plantation field hand, the omnivorous and carnivorous cur dog. But little advantage is taken either of their wool-bearing or mutton-producing capacity. The time chosen for sheep-shearing is, according to the statement of citizens of Ulmanville, when the farmers need a little ready money, and the time for converting them into mutton when they need meat. This course is pursued within three miles of a railroad, that, within two hours, can carry the wool into a great market, where it is worth twenty-two cents a pound, and where mutton can be sold by the carload. If the owners of the big sheep ranches of Texas or the wool-growers of Ohio were thoroughly acquainted with the advantages of this region in the pur-

suit of their business, sheep-raising would certainly become a great industry along this coast, or, if the class of farming population here were possessed with the vim of the visitors, whom they even fail to feed with home-grown products, this part of Mississippi might be made the most prosperous portion of the South. It seems so easy for the rural population to live here that they have, apparently, no desire to grow rich or as progressive as the agricultural population of less-favored sections.


Bay St. Louis has a bright future before it. It is one of the most favorably-located towns in Mississippi, with a fine region of country around about it, a beautiful sheet of water on either side, a salubrious site, and one of the most delightful summer and winter climates in the world, and, above all, it is inhabited by a population possessing refinement and elegance to a high degree, which would be a sufficient attraction to draw to it much of the refinement and wealth of other sections and cities.





## LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

PASS CHRISTIAN, MISS., 1886.

UR party left the charming and beautiful town of Bay St. Louis in a northward-bound mail train of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. Immediately after the train leaves Bay St. Louis depot, it runs across Bay St. Louis on a long bridge, built upon concrete caissons and square creosoted timber. The wood is creosoted for its preservation, and to protect it from the boring of the teredo, a singular worm of the tropic seas, which is prone to penetrate every drift-log and ship's bottom floating in the waters of the southern parts of the ocean. In a year these marine augers perforate any unprotected timber found in salt water into a perfect honeycomb form. Timbers treated by the creosoting process are unmolested by these pests, and are as durable as iron. The bridge contains a wide iron draw to permit the very considerable navigation of the Bay St. Louis and its four affluent rivers and bayous. To the right of the bridge, near the east bank of the bay, is the barnacle-covered wreck of a brig, a relic of the Mexican war, an old prize of our navy converted into a light ship, and lost in a storm.

One crossing the Bay St. Louis northward is struck with the beauty of the headland extending out into the sound to the southward. It is a bold curving cape, standing out in clear-cut relief against the green water below and the blue sky above. It is covered with the grand growth of the primeval forest, tall towering pines, giant live-oaks, and the glistening foliage and great white blooms of the magnolia grandiflora. At the foot of the forest and beneath the bluff banks upon which it stands, a broad, glittering slope of white sand reaches down to the edge of the green water of rippling bay and undulating sound.

They call this miniature combination of Cape Verde and Point au Sable Henderson's Point. And this is the western limit of Pass Christian.

Fifty-seven miles out from the Crescent City, the train stops at a large passenger and freight depot, and we debark at one of the

most famous and fashionable summer and winter watering-places on all the Southern seacoast, the very ancient colonial village, and the handsome, prosperous modern town of Pass Christian.

The first natural curiosity that meets the traveler's sight at this celebrated place is a class of hackmen, who cherish moderate views as to the individual appointment of finances on this earth. At some watering-places, the hack-drivers seem to be dissatisfied with anything less than the earth itself. But here one may be whirled smoothly and swiftly in a comfortable vehicle along shell-paved avenues two and three miles for twenty-five cents. It is a sign that life is easily sustained in a country where money has such purchasing power. It could be hardly otherwise here, where the soil may laugh its harvests of luscious fruits and delicious vegetables to "the tickling of the hoe," and the sea gives up its miraculous Galilean profusion of fishes.

Pass Christian, like the town of Bay St. Louis, is located on a long peninsula. The length of the town along this peninsula is about six miles. The peninsula is formed by the Mississippi Sound in front, or southward, Bay St. Louis on its western side, and Bayous Bois d'Ore and Portage on the north. The beautiful name of the Bois d'Ore was given by the French explorers to one of these streams because they discovered it in the autumn, when the foliage of its bordering forests was richly tinted with red and gold. The French title means "gilded woods," or forests. The humbler classes of natives long ago rechristened it the "Birdery." The corruption is spreading, and Mississippi is liable to lose, before long, one of her prettiest geographical French names. The Bayou Portage was so called because, eight or ten miles above its mouth, it approaches to within nearly a mile of the sea, on the shore of which the colonists resided.

The Indians and settlers transported their canoe-loads of furs, peltries, and food products they gathered from the interior, beyond this bayou, to the ancient villages on the coast, across this narrow neck by overland "portage," rather than carry them down the bayou, out of the bay, and up the sound, for twenty miles, by water. The farmers living along the banks of the old "Portage" already generally call the clear winding stream the "Potash." In future years the Americans will say it was named from the number of charcoal-burning kilns along its banks.

This question is dealt upon largely in these articles because it certainly is a fact that the name of a region, or of a resort, has much to do with its patronage and its popularity. Imagine Saratoga with such an accurate title as "Healthy Water Holes," and how much less wealth and fashion would the fancy picture visiting that famous place.

Pass Christian has a good enough name, though it is an anomaly, and neither correct English nor French. It was probably called "Passe Chrétienne," because some of those priests, who were the courageous pioneers everywhere in America in French exploration and settlements, preached to a gathering of savages at this point, converting them to Christianity.

Some of the authorities say the name was derived from the fact that a Norwegian navigator first discovered the comparatively deep channel that passes near this part of the shore, and that the French named the land near it "Passe a Christian." As ten to one the Norseman would have been named Christiansen, that does not appear plausible.

Whatever may be the origin of its name, the fact of its existence as a great watering-place is a reality; a town grown from the few huts of visiting members of the Cat Island Colony to one of the most beautiful and popular watering-places on the Southern coast. The land level of the sea front, whereupon the town is located, varies in height from three to fifteen feet above that of the sea, and that of the northern side of the peninsula is as much as twenty or thirty feet above tide-water.

"The Pass," as Southern visitors and residents term it, has a water frontage on the Mississippi Sound of six miles, including its villa-ornamented wings of West End and East End. Along this entire front is a broad shell-paved avenue, lying under the shade of magnificent live-oaks and lofty magnolias. Its groves of oaks and magnolia and its surrounding forests of pine are covered with perennial verdure. Their evergreen foliage produces the impression that one is in the midst of a region of perpetual summer; and this impression is not far wrong, as the climate is so mild that roses and violets bloom through the short winter, and this is at all times a land of flowers. The meteorological statistics show that its average range of winter temperature is about sixty degrees Fahrenheit. The frost-bearing winds of this region blow from the northward.

The seacoast is sheltered, in that direction, from its Borean breath by the great southern pine belt more than a hundred miles wide, which follows the coast line of the Gulf States. The prevailing winter breezes are from the southward, across the Gulf of Mexico, the mighty thermal manufactory that sends its mild sea currents over three thousand leagues of ocean to temper the distant winter climes of Norway, Britain, France, and Spain. It is under the genial influence of the neighboring Gulf waters and the perpetual Gulf breezes that blow from the tropic islands, that the forests of the Mississippi seacoast are clad in perpetual verdure, and its flowers kept in constant bloom.

In the drive along the sea front of Pass Christian, from one end of the town to the other, the tourist sees a long succession of luxurious residences located in spacious park-like grounds, where the shadows of forest-grown oaks, elms, and magnolia float over velvety lawns in patches of shade and patines of sunlight; extensive boarding-houses, with rustic benches scattered along the flower-bordered and shrubbery-shaded walks about them; and hundreds of pretty cottages, with hammocks swinging lazily about in the breeze that visits their broad verandas. In summer it is a scene of perfect rest, languorous, delicious, siesta-inviting rest; lulled by the tuneful rhythm of ripples breaking on the sandy beach, and sweetened by the soft seabreeze that comes stealing over the soothed senses, fresh and pregnant, as if it were breathed from the amorous mouth of Aphrodite, the sea-born. In winter it is a picture of blue skies, green groves, bending and waving in the south wind, grassy plats, bright with the presence and sweet with the perfume of violets and roses, and mellow sunshine, welcome as the new, life-giving warmth of the Northern May.

The largest hostelry in the town of Pass Christian is the Mexican Gulf Hotel. This is a handsome, extensive, and ornate building, with a few tasteful outlying cottages around it, situated near the beach, in a fine oak-shaded park. The hotel, several stories in height, containing elegant, well-furnished rooms, is as fine a house of the kind as any on the Gulf or Southern Atlantic coast. The building will accommodate about three hundred guests. This splendid structure was erected with a special view to the entertainment of Northern visitors during the winter. During the last season it

was occupied by several hundred health and pleasure-seekers from colder climes, residents from every part of the North, citizens of the remote North-western Territories, and the inhabitants of the shores of the Maine harbors. Every great city in the North had its representatives here from November, 1885, to June, 1886, when they left, but to give place to the large throngs of Southern visitors being entertained or living in its limits. During several weeks' sojourn at "the Pass," the writer had the honor of meeting many of the pleasant gentlemen and charming ladies who had come to seek the benefits and pleasures of the Southern clime. With one voice this goodly company were loud in their praises of the locality, and many who were experienced Florida tourists expressed a great preference over this for the noted Floridian resorts. Not the least of the stated attractions of this place and coast was its easy accessibility to the large cities of New Orleans and Mobile, permitting the full enjoyment of the social, dramatic, operatic, and all other urban pleasures, as well as the well-appreciated delights of a rural retreat, or, more properly speaking, of a large suburban town.

The summer population of Pass Christian numbers about four thousand. Last winter a large influx of Northern visitors increased considerably the average of the winter population, which had been for a few preceding years between fifteen hundred and two thousand. The indications are that the number of Northern visitors will be largely increased here next season. With all its hotel and residence room made available, Pass Christian might afford lodging and entertainment to at least fifteen hundred winter visitors.

A project has been suggested, and seriously considered in New Orleans, of erecting a mammoth Southern summer and winter hotel on Henderson's Point in the west end of the town. This year the State secured a large park at that locality as a permanent place of encampment for its enrolled militia. The point now contains about two square miles of magnificent forest, growing on a high and level piece of land sloping downward from the sea and bay front to the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad in its rear. The wood and timber would more than pay for the clearing of the forest, leaving a sufficient number of groves for shade and ornamental purposes. The company who undertakes this work will have one of the finest located sites for a watering-place

hotel in the United States; with a thousand acres of level park land around it, a grand trunk railroad line as its rear boundary, and a beautiful sheet of water on either side of its front, Bay St. Louis and Mississippi Sound.

The railroad connections of this resort are one of its greatest advantages. It is within reach of New Orleans by a smooth and splendid steel railroad in a journey of an hour and a half; in New Orleans this road receives the passenger travel of the Illinois Central, the Mississippi Valley, the Texas & Pacific, and Morgan's Louisiana & Texas, reaching, like its own northward connections, from Maine to Minnesota, and from Minnesota to California.

Among the more modern attractive features of Pass Christian are a large number of artesian fountains recently opened in the town. The artesian augers strike an illimitable subterranean water supply at a depth of from five hundred to six hundred feet. The tubed openings spout up into the air solid streams of wonderfully pure water several inches in diameter, which attain a head of forty feet above the surface of the fountains. Such crystal showers are constantly playing above the lawns of many fine residences and boarding-houses here, making the inhabitants utterly independent of rain or drouth, if they ever happen to be subjected to such meteorological variations, which have not occurred during the past century, at least.

The numerous fishing and promenade piers, pagoda-ornamented, projecting into the sound, along the six-mile frontage of Pass Christian, are manifestations mute in themselves, but by no means silent in those who use them, of the practice of the favorite watering-place pastimes of fishing or moonlight flirting, according to the bait used. The fishing is devoted to the capture of the same varieties of fish as those frequenting the Rigolets, which were fully described in a previous article written from English Lookout. The waters in this vicinity are, however, more frequented by Spanish mackerel, the famous pompano of Florida, and the shoal-loving flounder, whose flat "ray" shape is frequently speared by members of pleasure parties, formed of young ladies and gentlemen, who deem flounder-spearing a diversion, which it is not considered by the skillful wielders of the bending rod and the singing reel.

The shapely hulls and the slim, polished masts of numerous little vessels lying at anchorage off the pier-heads, and the glisten-

ing white sails that float between the coast and the faint purple line of the distant islands, serve to show that boating and yachting are among the liberally-patronized amusements of the place. Both the summer and winter population are much given to social, Thespian, and Terpsichorean pleasures, and the calliope has loosed many a Calypso beneath the groves of this sea-swept plain. The residents and the visitors have several social, dramatic, and musical organizations, to cultivate the art of making life seem the shorter for its happiness. These have ample halls, salons, club-rooms, and even a little theater, with first-class stage and scenic paraphernalia. Sailing excursions out to the lighthouses, the islands, and around through Bay St. Louis into Wolf river, are the most popular amusements indulged in by the young ladies and gentlemen; and the pretty girls seem devoted to such aquatic diversions, despite their attendant drawbacks of blistered hands and sunburned faces.

One of the favorite excursion points visited by sailing parties of residents and strangers is a great shell mound on the banks of Wolf river, lying in the shadow of a live-oak forest. A few months ago a party of shell diggers excavated five prehistoric skeletons, from a great depth, in one of these mounds. The writer has a skull and several of the larger bones of one of these relics of an epoch long departed, which ruins are open to the inspection of any learned anatomist, geologist, conchologist, or archæologist who cares to examine them. They are rejected or used by the shell diggers; they are not particular as to whether their material be lime phosphates or lime carbonates, the stuff is so much per barrel, and it all goes.

Immediately in front of Pass Christian, in the sound, is one of the largest oyster beds in this portion of the Gulf. It varies in width from a mile to two miles, and extends from the shore, in one direction to the Pass Marian, or Merritt Shoals Light-house, and thence in another to the western end of Cat Island, through a length of ten miles. This is the great oyster bank which supplies the several canning factories of the Mississippi seacoast, and furnishes a large proportion of its bivalves to the consumers of the more distant Crescent City. In the fishing season a fleet of forty or fifty sail is busy on the banks collecting these inexhaustible stores of sea food. Projects and schemes looking to the further

development of the oyster and fish canning business by the establishment of factories at this and other points are now being incubated. The prepared products are altogether shipped northward by rail, and sold at good prices in the large interior cities.

The sea shooting on the nearest Gulf islands is fine during the winter months of the year, ducks, geese, curlew, and snipe being found in abundance among and upon them. Quail shooting, about the environs of the town, is fair, and would be fine if the wise game laws of Mississippi were as rigidly enforced here as they are in other portions of the State. Splendid deer and turkey shooting is enjoyed by camping parties, who ascend some distance up Wolf river. Wolf river, the Bois d'Oré, and the Portage are excellent fishing streams for the famous Southern green trout, the best and gamest fresh-water fish found in this section.

The peninsula strip whereupon Pass Christian is located contains a superficial area of ten or twelve square miles, or six thousand or seven thousand acres.

In this district there are one or two extensive grape growers and wine producers. Their product is considered a superior article by connoisseurs of New Orleans, who profess to be familiar with foreign wines. Smaller wine men find it more profitable to sell their grapes, as the vineyards are remarkably prolific. The small stock growers of this immediate vicinity raise enough good beef and mutton to feed the four thousand summer population and to keep the wolf some distance away from their own doors as well. The possibilities of skilled gardening and scientific farming have not been reached here, as the agricultural interest is not generally conducted by a highly educated or an ambitious class. With skill, judgment, and a little guano applied to the farms, fields, gardens, and fruit groves of the contiguous region, the owners of the soil might carry on an exceedingly profitable business, shipping early fruits and vegetables to the Northern markets, following the example of their prospering fellow-citizens near Mobile. When pleasure and health-seekers from Northern climes are thoroughly acquainted with its great attractions, Pass Christian will become a gay little winter capital.



## LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

MISSISSIPPI CITY, 1886.

**I**N the years of our Lord, 1835 or 1836, or little more than half a century ago, when the boom of modern railroad building had not yet struck the South, and men traveled from the interior to the sea in wide lumbering family coaches or in creaking mule wagons covered with white canvas awnings, a few capitalists of Mississippi incubated a great scheme. They were correct in the ideas they cherished, but they were ahead of their time fifty years; and their children may yet see their great project an accomplished fact.

About the time designated three directors of an organization called the Gulf and Ship Island Railroad Company, Dr. Samuel Puckett, Mr. Alsbury, and Colin McRea, Esq., a brother of one of the Mississippi governors, visited this seacoast, selected the present site of Mississippi City as the terminus of their projected road, had a large city laid off in lots, and spent \$40,000 in laying the brick foundations of a hotel of mammoth dimensions, the material of whose basement was subsequently removed and used for other purposes than that originally contemplated.

The celebrated Brandon Bank furnished the funds for all these expenditures, and was to put up the bonds for building the road. Mississippians who have read of Law and the Mississippi scheme, or of the South Sea Bubble, are more interested in the era of "Shocka Jones" and of the famous Brandon Bank, in which there were millions on paper.

The boost of the enterprising speculators failed to make the pine forest along the shore disappear immediately and an immense commercial port rise in its place, built by the magic of money; but it brought the spot into notice as a fine sight for a summer watering-place, and soon a beautiful village grew where the great city was to be.

Our party, boarding the morning mail train of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad at Pass Christian, after a quick flight of thirteen miles, descended at the railroad station of Mississippi

City, near which the black figures on a white mile-post inform one that it is planted seventy miles from Mobile and seventy-one from New Orleans. From the railroad depot a ride of about one-third of a mile brings one out to the sea front under the shady parks of Gulf View—a name enjoyed by one of the sections of the four-mile frontage of Mississippi City. The name is appropriate. There is a broad, unbroken, and blue stretch of the gulf lying off to the south-eastward, and to the southward the long line of Cat Island, with the land lying “hull down” below the ten miles of intervening water, the dim tracery of its pine forest seeming like a distant bank of blue smoke resting upon the waves, and its great white sand dune, like a snowy peak, looming above the trees.

The island seems so old, so full of the dreamy sleep of another epoch in history, slumbering upon the couch of the far-away blue waves, and canopied by its Indian summery curtain of dim purple mist, that one instinctively reaches for a marine glass to look for the great white banner of the Bourbons, like a tiny speck, floating above the crest of the sand dune, and the faint outline of the masts and spars of Iberville's fleet rising from the surface of the deep offing to the eastward. The sand dune rises like a monument to mark the neighboring site of the first European colony planted on or near the Mississippi seacoast. Ship Island, where Iberville's expedition first landed, is to the south-east of Mississippi City. Between Ship Island and Cat Island there is a deep and wide channel or pass entering the Mississippi Sound from the Gulf. Between the islands and the mainland that channel is shown by careful examination of the minute maps of the United States Coast Survey to lead to two deep harbors, or anchorages. One of these, affording from eighteen to twenty-two feet of water, is about half way between the town of Pass Christian and Cat Island. This is now used by the largest class of sea-going lumber vessels, who there receive their loads from the lumber depots of the coast by lighters. The other harbor is more remote from the shore of the mainland in the immediate rear of Ship Island. Both these deep “roads” or anchorages is safely sheltered from the storms and waves of the Gulf by the protection of the islands under whose lee they are placed.

To reach these pine harbors by railroad communication with the interior is an object that has ardently been desired during the

last fifty years by enterprising Mississippians and capitalists from other States of our country. The State Legislature has chartered two or three railroad companies who have undertaken to accomplish this great work. The old companies were hampered by more litigation than was provoked by the celebrated case of "Jarndyce against Jarndyce," the last legal tilt having been between the Vicksburg & Ship Island and the Louisville, New Orleans & Texas Railroad Company. The present Gulf & Ship Island Railroad Company can, apparently, read its title clear to a good terminus at each end of their projected line, and a secured right-of-way to the sea and Ship Island, and the railroad will be completed when the bonds are all satisfactorily located. When the road is finished, Mississippi may have upon her coast a new Pensacola, destined to grow into the prominence held at present by the busy and growing Floridian city.

The increase of the lumber business of the coast would alone serve to pay the cost of running a railroad from the center of the State through its wide pine belt to a deep harbor near its seacoast, and, in this source, for the first few years of its existence, would, apparently, be found the chief profits of the line.

Mississippi City is now the capital or county-seat of Harrison county. It contains a resident population of from ten hundred to twelve hundred, and a summer population of probably eighteen hundred or two thousand. Like Bay St. Louis and Pass Christian, it is located on a narrow strip of land, with a navigable stream in its rear and the sound before it. The Bayou Bernard is behind or north of it. This bayou was not called after Bernard de la Harpe, but after a free colored patriarch, whose flocks and herds roamed along its banks. Handsboro, a lively lumber manufacturing town, a mile and a half distant, is one of the rear suburbs of Mississippi City. This contains four extensive saw-mills, a number of stores and residences, and a population of about seven hundred.

There are some fine hotels near the sea-front of Mississippi City. The principal of these are the Gulf View and the Tegarden. The Gulf View contains long wings of extensive and handsome two-story buildings flanking elegant dance and dining halls in their center. It is in the midst of a park or plateau elevated fifteen feet above the sea level, and several acres in extent, shaded

by groves of live-oak, magnolia, and umbrageous china trees. For several miles along the sea-front the undulating shore is lined by pretty cottages and handsome villas of the residents or citizens of New Orleans, many of whom own summer homes in this locality.

The winter and summer climates of this point are moderated and tempered by the causes already fully described in preceding articles of this series. The protection of Northern pine forests and the proximity of the warm Gulf waters prevent the mercury from hunting the bulb in winter, and keep it generally hovering between fifty-five and seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit. The average of the winter-temperature record, kept for a large number of years, is sixty-three degrees Fahrenheit, and the summer heat eighty-three degrees. The town is near the isothermal line of seventy degrees, and the latitude is thirty degrees and twenty minutes. It is cooled by constant eddies of the north-east trade-wind during the late summer. The hotels and most houses of public entertainment were originally built entirely with a view to rendering them attractive to Southern summer visitors. Some of these mansions have been altered and remodeled with the idea of preparing them for Northern winter residents. In its present shape, that town can probably entertain between seven hundred and eight hundred Northern visitors. It has already had its pioneers who have swung off westward from the southward-bound flock in their annual Floridian flight. The strangers who have wintered here during the past two seasons pronounce the locality charming, its railroad advantages of quick connection with Mobile and the Southern metropolis of business, pleasure, and fashion—New Orleans—highly desirable, and its climate surpassingly delightful. Proper efforts are being already made to develop the winter-entertaining facilities of the resort up to a state of perfection.

One of the pleasantest diversions of the fall and winter to be found at Mississippi City lies in rambling, riding, or driving among the paths and along the roadways of its rich outlying forests, or over the waving hills, rolling away toward the Bayou Bernard. The wielders of the glittering squirrel rifle and of the light split bamboo rod may find plenty of exercise for their art among the nut-bearing groves of the woods, or along the numerous green trout streams that wind at the foot of its pines and oaks, or among its tangled copses and thickets.

Out beyond the Bayou Bernard lie the pastures of the sheepherders, and, still further northward, the great Southern lumber region, where the logmen's camps have replaced the red men's wigwams and villages, and where the wild game of hummock and plain still remains in its condition of colonial abundance.

Down the coast, near the center of the sea-front of the town, may be seen the extensive buildings and wharves of the Gulf Coast Canning Factory Company, where thousands of barrels of oysters and bushels of shrimps are annually hermetically sealed and sold to Northern markets.

There are several large vineyards within the limits of the town, where a considerable quantity of native wine is manufactured. One of the largest of these, the "Gulf View Vineyard," contains thirteen acres of prolific varieties of vine. The fruit-growing capacity of the region is unlimited. Oranges, olives, figs, peaches, pears, melons, etc., mixed products of the tropic and temperate zones, tell of its genial skies and generous soil. Less than one-half of its gardening, farming, fruit-growing, and stock-raising area is utilized, the chief part of the land being cumbered with the second-growth pine thickets, so easy to clear and so useless where they are. The agricultural population, comparatively small, already has as much land as it can tend. Here thousands of acres of land can be purchased for nominal prices, cleared at an actual profit to the purchasers by selling the wood, and converted to some of the most valuable fields, farms, and pastures in the South. If these thickets and forests were cleared out to the banks of the streams in its rear, the seacoast country from Pearl river to Pascagoula would become a continuous city along the shore, populated in summer or winter by representatives of every State in the Union.

Considerable wool shipments from the country beyond the Bayou Bernard, with its immense, yet poorly-developed, sheep ranges, are made at the stations of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad.

Mississippi City has, for many years, been justly famous for the fine mackerel fishing to be had in the waters of the sound before it. The Spanish mackerel of the Mexican Gulf is a much finer and gamer fish than his cousin of the colder Northern seas, and is one of the most delicately-flavored of all the piscine species

frequenting the waters of the American coast. Ichthyological science can not do his personal appearance justice in its descriptive classification. He is rare and radiant, flapping and flashing like burnished silver in his high sportive leaps above the waves into the air, struggling with swiftly-fading glories as he is relieved from the cruel conquering barb of steel, or steaming and fragrant as he comes to the table fresh from the coals of some wonderful Creole artist in the culinary line.

We will introduce the Spanish mackerel to the reader in one of the fish's favorite feeding grounds.

There is a long wharf reaching from the shore of Gulf View out four thousand feet into the channel of the sound. This extended pier is dotted at various intervals by bath-houses, located at different depths for infantile, timid adult, or natatorially-accomplished bathers. At the end of the pier is a wide platform, built on stout piles, which was once the landing-place for the regular fleet of sound steamers, a fleet that went out of commission when the steel line reduced the time between this point and New Orleans from ten to two hours, and made it accessible by several daily trains. The broad platform at the end of the pier is the mackerel fisher's paradise.

After dinner, our party, by special invitation, accompanied four young amateurs from the Crescent City, well-known wielders of the rod and reel—Messrs. H—, M—, P—, and R—. A sun-browned, bare-footed citizen, looking solemn and mournful enough to have driven a hearse in front of it, brought up the rear of this procession with a basket of mullet for bait upon his arm. When they arrived at the pierhead, the members of the party unlimbered their tackle for action. The mullet were deftly sliced into shining imitations of smaller fish, the hooks were baited, and the mackerel fishers began their swishing play of the alluring morsels along the water. Soon each had a glittering, flapping mackerel on the planks of the platform, and, later, a score of the shining beauties lay strewn around, fading in the sunlight. The monotony of mackerel fishing was relieved by the occasional capture of a sea-trout, flounder, sheephead, or redfish. Finally, Mr. H—struck a big fish, or rather a big fish struck Mr. H—. There was a man on the wharf, posed in the statue-cast of a wrestling Roman gladiator, with the contorted muscles and sinews standing in bold relief on

his biceps and breast, and the beads of sweat rolling down his anxiously-furrowed brow. There was a rod in his hands bent to the tension of a bow ready to drive its barbed shaft feather deep into the neck of some hydra or centaur. There was a line, tautened to rigid tension, reaching seaward. There was a reel singing and screaming like the whistle of a recently-awakened policeman to tell the world of a well-guarded beat. There was a whirlpool of wraith and foam a hundred feet away in the sea, from whose boiling vortex a huge marine monster, white and dazzling, and with savagely-shaking head, suddenly leaped, and then line, rod, and angler all simultaneously flew back unstrung, and the submarine steam navigator steered his powerful vessel onward, with a steel fishhook in his bow and a few fathoms of line in his wake.

"Holy Moses! what a silverfish!" gasped the baffled Mr. H—, who immediately lowered his voice to the tone of a confidential conversation with Beelzebub as to his future frying of all silverfish, and of this one in particular.

The party wound up its day's sport with a string of sixty-three mackerel and several other uncounted varieties of sea fish, and no silverfish.

Mississippi City is certain to be developed, at an early day, into a great lumber-shipping port. Its present attractions of a fertile soil surrounding it, a fine summer and winter climate existing here, the wonderful healthiness of its site, and its splendid bathing, hunting, and fishing facilities are enough to stimulate its steady growth into the favor of thousands who annually, for health or pleasure, seek the benefits of the glorious Southern climate and the diversions afforded by a breezy Southern sea.

This resort is now frequented by many Southern planters, with their families, and by summer residents from the leading Southern cities. Its hotel and boarding-house keepers are in communication, at present, with Northern centers of population with reference to the subject of the number of Northern tourists they can entertain and the quality and cost of the attractions and the living to be provided.

## LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

BILOXI, MISS., 1886.



RIDE of ten minutes or nine miles eastward, in a lightning express train of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, brought our party from Mississippi City to the ancient and thriving town of Biloxi, the next in the chain of prominent Southern watering-places along this route.

From the railroad depot at Biloxi a self-sacrificing and philanthropic young hack-driver conducted us in his vehicle to the Montrose Hotel, located on the sea front of the town.

After a refreshing dip in the tossing salt sea near the mouth of Biloxi Bay, the wielders of crayon, or camera, and of pen, sought out some of the most prominent points of the place, reviewed some of the quaint old colonial records for its history, and interviewed a few of the leading citizens on the subject of its modern resources, attractions, and patronage as a pleasure resort.

Before commencing this descriptive article the writer takes occasion to acknowledge the obligations under which he was placed by the kindness of Major W. T. Walthall, a gentleman of rare attainments, and an author richly stored with the chronicler's lore; to an enterprising host, Mr. P. J. Montrose, and to Mr. Elmer, Representative in the Mississippi Legislature from Harrison county. The modern town of Biloxi, like nearly all the noted resorts and towns of the Mississippi seacoast, is situated on a peninsula. That on which this town is placed is from one to two miles in width, and about six in length, lying almost due east and west. The southern side or point of this peninsula is washed by the waves of the Gulf of Mexico, or, the sound, breaking on a sloping sandy beach. Its eastern end on which the town is chiefly located projects into Biloxi Bay, while its northern shores are bounded by the Back Bay of Biloxi, as it is named on the maps, and by the narrow and deep stream, Bayou Bernard.

The site of the present town covers an area of about two thousand five hundred acres on the eastern extremity of this elevated tongue of land, and extends in a long wing along the seacoast,



several miles to the westward. Its resident population is estimated at two thousand five hundred ; and this, during the summer, is increased by the influx of summer residents and visitors from the Southern cities and States to about four thousand. The town is finely and regularly laid off by wide and shady streets and avenues, lying under and lined by the indigenous and omnipresent live-oak and the more-recently planted umbrella china. It has ten miles of shell-paved drives along the sea and bay frontage, which are bordered by the principal hotels and the beautiful summer villas of the place. In the inner harbor, immediately off the ends of its piers and wharves, a fleet of small vessels, fishing smacks, lumber schooners, pleasure boats, and yachts lie at anchorage, diminished by departures or increased by accessions, according to the will or needs of those chiefly interested in this interior marine of the sound. Ten miles away to the southward the sticks and spars of three-masted schooners or square-rigged vessels show the location of the deep "roads" in rear of Ship Island, while the tops of a long fringe of scrubby pines indicate the location of the Ship Island sands.

It seems hard to realize the fact that this was once practically the capital of Louisiana, and that New Orleans was one of its dependent colonies. Biloxi was the first colony planted by the French in the south part of their great Louisiana possessions. It was settled in 1699 by Iberville; but this was not the Biloxi of these days (and this question will confuse the future chroniclers). The original colony was east of the bay, and was removed to this point about the year 1719.

It was chosen as the site of their seat of colonial government by a council of the French captains and commanders. Bienville, the wisest and most far-seeing of all these leaders, wished to remove the seat of government to the new colony at Orleans. Hubert earnestly advocated the elevated bluff-land plateau of Natchez, where Mississippi's second largest city now stands, and he predicted that that spot would become the commercial center of the Mississippi Valley.

The colony was, nevertheless, removed to this point, and Hubert sailed away to France to induce the home government to make Natchez the capital of their great possessions in the Mississippi Valley. He was prevented from returning by death.

The Louisiana historian, Martin, says that one of Crozat's ships, with three hundred settlers from France, arrived two years later. Among these were eighty girls from the "Saltpetriere," a noted house of correction in Paris. About this time a vessel arrived from Guinea with a cargo of Africans, to be employed in cultivating the soil.

This, while it shows an apparent broad construction in the charter with reference to the trade in pearls and wool, proves that Biloxi must have been quite an important village one hundred and sixty-three years ago.

When the French moved over to this side of the bay they built Fort Louis, omitting the holy prefix of the title. This was probably a palisaded structure, like the forts of the American pioneers on the dark and bloody soil of Kentucky and the old Northwest Territory beyond the Ohio, as no monumental mound remains to mark the site of the ramparts, though a wide willow-bordered ditch is pointed out by some of the inhabitants as probably being the moat at the foot of the palisades or of the former breast-works. The fort at Old Biloxi, to which reference will be made in a subsequent article, was, according to the colonial records, at all events, built of heavy timbers.

During the first century of its existence New Biloxi fell under the dominion of four governments—French, British, Spanish, and American. It was temporarily in the civil war a part of Confederate States' territory, defended for a short time by a sham battery of frowning wooden guns. But it fell a prey to the marines of the Federal fleets early in the strife. To-day it is a thriving cosmopolis, with the imprint of Saxon, Frank, Visigoth, and Latin upon its population, and the best elements of all predominating.

It possesses to the highest degree all the advantages of climate and the attractions characteristic of the Mississippi seacoast, and is justly one of the most celebrated resorts or watering-places in all this highly-favored region. In summer it enjoys great popularity as an objective point for the long excursion trains that are constantly leaving the Crescent City, while a large part of its resident population at this season is drawn from the winter workers of the Southern metropolis.

The town has several fine hostelries, the chief among which are the Montrose, the Bossel, and the Fairview, besides many board-

ing-houses and cottages, where the traveling and visiting public are well entertained. Most of these places, or houses, were originally constructed to meet the demands of summer visitors to a seaside resort. But recently they have been altered, to render them perfectly comfortable for the Northern visitors, who are commencing to show a disposition to seek the Mississippi seacoast for a winter home more than any other portion of the South. During the past winter as many as sixteen hundred Northern tourists and travelers visited Biloxi, many of them remaining for months, charmed, as they said, with the cheap living, convenient railroad travel, and balmy atmosphere of this coast.

The proprietor of one of Biloxi's leading hotels professes the opinion that if a capitalist or a company would erect a hotel in the town capable of accommodating as many as a thousand winter guests at a time, they could keep it full of Northern tourists, and do an extremely profitable business, devoting their efforts exclusively to providing for this class, and closing their doors to summer patronage entirely; and that practically every additional large hotel built on the coast would benefit others existing, by bringing the region into greater prominence as a winter resort. On this theory, which appears not only plausible but strictly correct, the mammoth Floridian winter hotels were not the effect of the annual Northern migration in that direction, but they were the cause of it. They were built to attract winter tourists or residents and to increase the visiting throngs, rather than provide for those who had already fallen into the habit of coming. This is a fact which seems to be well worthy the consideration of capitalists.

The Northern visitors who stopped or dwelt at Biloxi last winter were chiefly from the extreme Northern and North-western States, whose southward journey to this point is much shorter than that to San Augustine, Jacksonville, Tallahassee, or other resorts of Florida.

The mere fact of Biloxi's suburban relationship to New Orleans forms one of its chief attractions to such visitors, and in this all these seacoast resorts of Mississippi possess a great advantage.

One of the most remunerative industries of the town is conducted in the four extensive fish, fruit, and oyster canning establishments recently located here. The oyster canneries keep in occupation, for a greater part of the year, a fleet of at least a hun-

dred small vessels, luggers, sloops, and schooners. When the oysters are out of season, the factory operatives turn their attention to prawn or sea shrimp, or to putting up the fine fruits and vegetables indigenous to the region. Though this is but comparatively a new industry, it has already grown to important proportions, and supports a large class of the seacoast population. Biloxi Bay, from its mouth opposite Deer Island, extends, with a rounding westward curve, nearly ten miles inland. It receives the waters of Biloxi river and Bayou Bernard, near its head, and those of Fort Bayou, close to its mouth. The bay and all the streams named are famous for their fishing, and abound in immense numbers of green trout or bass, speckled sea-trout, redfish, and sheep-head. The waters of the sound channels, near the end of its piers and wharves, are frequented by the same varieties of fish, with the exception of the green trout, which is a fresh water or brackish water fish, and at times by the superior Spanish mackerel, and the finest of all American fish, the pompano. Out in the sound, a few miles away, both amateur anglers and professional fishermen capture quantities of redsnapper and grouper, two of the best varieties of fish common to the Gulf of Mexico. The blue fish, another choice and gamy denizen of the deep, is found in numbers in this part of the Gulf.

Biloxi enjoys the reputation of being located in the vicinity of one of the finest hunting regions in the South. The best deer hunting in Mississippi is to be had in the wooded country just behind the northern banks of Biloxi river, about ten miles distant from the town. The winter duck and snipe shooting is good in the bay, the streams leading to it, or in some of the flats near its banks. The wild turkey, the noblest game bird of America, still remains in undepleted flocks in the thinly-settled hunting region beyond the northern shores of Biloxi Bay.

The natural game preserve has not been decimated by the constant poachings of pot-hunting mankind, because it is so much easier for them to procure their food from the waters immediately at hand. The pot-hunters' and the professionals' objects are meat and money. It is much easier for them to lift their food out of the sea over the edge of a pier or the side of a vessel than to tramp a few miles into the interior, loaded with rifle or shot-gun, and to lug their games back to their homes or a market.

The charms of camp life in the invigorating clime of the pine lands and oak forests, the beating race of silky-brushed setters, the statuesque pose of the thoroughbred pointer, the whirr of springing beavies, or the sweet melody of a winding horn, echoing in the woodlands and calling up the responsive music of the deer-hounds' deep baying, are all reserved for the amateur sportsman, who can appreciate these things, as they are to be found in the former famous hunting-grounds of the red man beyond Biloxi Bay, where the lumberman's ax and the hunter's rifle in cheering tones tell the stranger the great American forests are not yet all felled and American game not all gone to the rocky ranges of the Western Sierras, or, like the aboriginal legends, beyond the setting sun to the spirit hunting-grounds of long-departed tribes of hunters and warriors.



## LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

OCEAN SPRINGS, MISS., 1886.

**A**FTER a short but exceedingly pleasant stay at Biloxi, made pleasanter by the hospitality of its inhabitants, and more interesting by the quaint old records of colonial writers, kindly furnished by Major Walthall, our party again boarded a northward-bound train of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and after a ride of four miles, or of about ten minutes' duration, stepped out on the platform of the Ocean Springs depot.

Part of the journey, although made by rail, is over water, on a long structure of creosoted timber, concrete, stone, and iron, which spans the mouth of Biloxi Bay. Toward the eastward, holding the rich emerald gem of Deer Island in their curving clasp, and framing it in a setting of glittering silver, two wide channels form the divided entrance from the placid bay to the shining sea beyond.

And this is the famous old Bay of Biloxi, sleeping in the morning sun, heedless of the two hundred years that have gone by since the rapt eye of the Caucasian rested on its virgin beauty; reckless of the two hundred decades that have departed since the last Toltec trod upon its shores; waked not to the memory of song, story, or legend of the dead warriors that once peopled its banks, or the barbaric women that tuned their love songs to the low rhythm of its waves, or mingled their wild death-wail for the battle-slain with the hoarse moan of its tempests.

What a scene to inspire the artist's soul, or to send the fancy reveling in the remotest realms of legendary lore! To the northward and westward, with bold parabola curve, like a bend of our own mighty river, sweeps this shining sheet of blue water. The forests of its far northern shores fade away into the magic mists of the summer morning, until it is hard to tell whether they are hanging as a tasseled fringe from the purple curtain of the summer sky, or floating as dim islands of verdure on the unruffled breast of a summer sea. To the southward and westward, with a gleam of glass through the foliage of live-oaks and clustering roofs lying

under their swaying shadows, and with a heavy haze of Indian summer hanging over it, softening the angular lines of its architecture, and toning down the rounded or rugged outlines of its trees, rests the town of Biloxi, whence we have just departed. To the eastward, with bolder banks and more marked undulations of the land beyond them, lies the historic site of the first Caucasian colony ever planted on the Mississippi seacoast, the germ of States and the nucleus of an empire.

Ponce de Leon's quest, long and arduous, after those fabled fountains of youth, and health, and eternal life, that sprung dragon-guarded from the gloomy depths of the New World's forests; Hernando de Soto's weary and warring march westward, westward, ever westward, looking for the traditional golden mountains that still lay a thousand miles beyond his journey's end when his worn comrades buried the body of their chieftain beneath the breast of the great river, are more full of thrilling narrative, ringing with the clash of resounding arms, dramatic with the tragic slaughter of tribes and nations, but they are utterly insignificant in their effects and fruits when compared to the planting of this little French colony on the eastern banks of Biloxi Bay by Lemoyne d'Iberville and his brother knights and chevaliers of France.

Here one can imagine the royal banner of the Bourbons rising, as the sun above its cloud banks, over the smoke of the morning gun near the base of its staff. From here one can think of that banner carried and planted on the crescent-shaped banks of the Mississippi river, to float over a young city and a great imperial domain ten times the area of its mother country. From here one has been told of the exploration and colonization of the Lafourche, the Red, the Ouachita, the Tensas, and the crowning of the great bluff plateau of Natchez with the French fortress that French chivalry named Rosalie, after the beautiful Comtesse de Pontchartrain.

Here, in the brains of Iberville and his brother Bienville, was born that great scheme of making a track for the commerce of the new empire upward through the Mississippi, the Illinois, the Great Lakes, and the St. Lawrence to the sea; a scheme which General Washington so dreaded that he frequently mentioned it, and officially proposed to counteract it by connecting the Ohio with the Potomac, and the Kanawha with the James, to divert this trade to

our own Atlantic seaboard; and a scheme to-day whose fulfillment is hoped for by the projectors and official supporters of the new Hennepin canal.

The old Biloxi colony is full of interest to the Americans of the present day. In time it will be regarded as of far more importance and more famous than "Massachusetts Bay," where the pilgrim fathers landed, with the Bible in one hand and the blunderbuss in the other, converting the natives to Christianity or killing them, according to the disposition deemed more convenient in the case. It will become more noted than the James river settlement, where John Smith, the sea rover, and John Rolfe, the mate of the royal maid Pocahontas, gave a tint of carnage and romance to the region.

The Americans know more about the Northern colonies because their annals are written in the English that they read. The chroniclers of Louisiana's settlement wrote their records in French. Yet these abound in gallant exploits, instances of devoted heroism, incidents of sublime self-sacrifice, romantic attachments, and the most thrilling episodes of carnage and siege, and cases of knightly courtesy among the chevaliers, recalling the chivalry of the Crusades. The journalist has no time to wander in such glorious fields. They fall within the historian's province; and by him they should be cleared and laid open to the world.

Iberville landed at old Biloxi, our modern "Ocean Springs," late in the winter of 1699. He found this, as it is to-day, a narrow and elevated peninsula bounded on the south by the sound and the eastern strait separating it from Deer Island, on the west by Biloxi Bay, and on the north by the Fort Bayou of the present day. The surface of the peninsula is undulating and about thirty feet above tide water in its highest part. Its sea front is also more undulating than other portions of the coast. The peninsula was originally clad with a forest of cedar, pine, magnolia, and live-oak, some of which is still remaining. After Iberville had planted his colony he returned to France, leaving his younger brother Bienville in charge, and Sauvolle de la Vilautray in command of the stockade fort, which had been built near the point made by the confluence of Fort Bayou with Biloxi Bay. Bienville was frequently absent from the colony on explorations in Louisiana and Mississippi, when Sauvolle, commandant of the fort, was left as the chief director of its affairs.



The French settlement was called Biloxi, after the tribe, or rather tribal branch, of Indians found on the peninsula. Their name, according to the ancient chroniclers, signified "Broken Jar." The "El Dorado fountain," a large spring back of Bay St. Louis, and two springs at old Biloxi, were celebrated resorts, visited by the red men before and during the early colonial days. They were sought by the Natchez and Baya Goulas, living on the banks of the Mississippi river; by the Chickasaws, dwelling on the more distant borders of the Tennessee; by the Choctaws and the Alibamons, with their probable tribal families of Biloxis and Maublias on the seacoast.

The colony was visited by famine and pestilence two years after its founding; the gallant Sauvolle de la Vilautray, commander of the fortress, perished at his post, and the garrison and the settlers were ordered for a time to Dauphin Island and Mobile, which was then another French St. Louis. They subsequently returned and remained at old Biloxi for nearly twenty years, whence they removed, after the deliberations of the Council, which have already been described in the article preceding this, to Fort Louis or new Biloxi, where one certainly, and probably many more French residents had already settled.

With the removal of the colony to the western shores of Biloxi Bay, the old settlement of Biloxi passes into oblivion for a great many years, as far as is found by a cursory examination of the chronicles of De la Harpe, Father Anasthase, DuPratz, Dumont, and Charlevoix, and the more modern records of Xavier Martin and Colonel Claiborne.

The old colonial village now appears on the maps under the American title of Ocean Springs, a name it is said to have received from a New Orleans physician, who, like a majority of those who have tested them, had great faith in the valuable medical waters of the natural springs found on the peninsula.

Ocean Springs is by no means a bad name; but when one thinks of the heroism of the gallant French knight, whose post was in the midst of war, famine, and pestilence until death relieved him from a soldier's duty, one is apt to feel it is a pity that the place was not called "Vilautray," as an honor to France and one of her chivalric sons. The place is not on the ocean, and the fine mineral springs are near the banks of Fort Bayou, and not on the seashore.

Out in the sound, in front of Ocean Springs, green with verdure, rests Deer Island. One of the old chroniclers states the fact that ancient excavation into the sand drifts of this island exhumed relics which showed that it was resorted to, or inhabited, at one time by a race of anthropophagi. There were human bones strewn around the charred remnants of fire heaps, betokening the holding of cannibal festivals.

Ocean Springs is now a beautiful village, or town, containing a resident population of nine hundred or one thousand souls, and a total of summer inhabitants numbering about sixteen hundred. The town is on one of the most elevated sites along the Mississippi seacoast. It has a gulf frontage of almost three miles, and rests upon the Louisville & Nashville Railroad line, about half a mile from the sea, in its rear. It contains three hotels—the Ocean Springs, on the sea front; the Vancleave, near the Louisville & Nashville Railroad track, and the Illing House. Here, as at the other seacoast resorts, can be found many beautiful villas, used as summer residences by citizens of New Orleans, or elegant homes occupied by the more opulent inhabitants of the place. The universal groves of live-oak, magnolia, pine, and cedar are seen everywhere about the town, shading the yards of its houses or its streets and avenues.

Between the town of Ocean Springs and the southern bank of Fort Bayou are the two principal springs, which give its name to the resort and were sought by hundreds of miles of travel through the pathless forest by the health-hunting aborigines. These mineral springs are said to be impregnated with chalybeate properties, or contain a noticeable proportion of sulphuretted hydrogen. Scientific analysis has shown them to be among the most valuable of American mineral waters. The springs, protected by cool sheds and overflowing from artificial stone basins, are largely drawn upon by the visiting and resident population. They are generally flanked by a row of demijohns more substantial-looking than the ghosts of the departed spirits which they may have been. The inhabitants, like the scriptural woman at the well with the earthen pitcher, come some distance from their homes to the springs to get these supplies of health-giving drinking water. Ocean Springs entertained last year quite a number of Northern visitors, who were equally as well pleased with this resort as were similar visit-

ors with all other of the watering-places on the Mississippi sea-coast, which they frequented during the past winter and spring. Minnesota, Michigan, Indiana, and Ohio were the States most numerously represented at the springs, for the reason, expressed before, that the people of those States found their shortest route to the Southern sea terminating on this coast.

The summer bathing and boating, and the winter shooting and fishing are diversions enjoyed here with as much facility as at most of the watering-places which have been described. The mackerel and pompano fisheries of the sound, the redsnapper and grouper banks among the islands, and the famous hunting region north of the Bay of Biloxi, are all conveniently accessible to this point.

All who try its delights will be amply satisfied, whether they come down from the Northern snow-fields, seeking the balmy air of a genial winter clime, or whether they come down from the dust and heat of Southern towns and cities, to disport themselves in the cool waves or to breathe the soft salt-scented breezes constantly blowing shoreward from the Mexican Gulf.



## LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

PASCAGOULA, 1886.

**A**S one passes beyond Ocean Springs, and on the steel track of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad traverses the country lying between the historic bays of Biloxi and Pascagoula, the first impression produced is, what a splendid country for railroad-building this is! With level beds and the long tangents which so delight the surveyor's, the weary rodman's, and the watchful locomotive engineer's heart, here the maximum possibilities of railroad speed are attainable; and with wide throttle, spokeless wheel, and a trail of smoke streaming behind straight as the tail of Tam O'Shanter's fleeing mare, a fifty or sixty-ton engine can get up and get along like the phantom flight of the Flying Dutchman, or in a way to resurrect the slumbering spirit of George Stephenson.

The railroad officials, however, do not care about attaining the possibilities. They are satisfied to drive the iron horse along at a comfortable jog-trot of some forty miles an hour, so that the passengers may get a fleeting view of this very beautiful stretch of country through which their route passes. It is a broad, grass-clad piece of tableland. The pine forests and dwarf-pine growth are, fortunately, rapidly disappearing. There are miles and miles of clearings, whose green swards delight and rest the eye.

In surveying these magnificent parks and verdant pastures, one can not help indulging in dreams of the imagination as to what a region this Mississippi seacoast might be made if the thickets and scrub pine forests were felled, from the shining belt of white sands that fringes the shore with a lace-like frill of foamy ripples and wavelets, to the margins of the winding rivers, which course like silver bands between the rising plateaus of the interior and the sea-swept plains of the gulf frontage.

One of the artistic effects of this clearing process will be presented, while the subject is held forth in a materialistic point of view. There would be a belt of country, nearly or quite one hun-

dred miles long, and from two to ten miles broad, where the practically unlimited vision might always rest upon the crystal-capped waves of a green sea, and the dim stretches of distant islands to the southward; the misty, undulating outlines of the pine-clad hills, far to the northward; the curving sweeps of placid bays to the eastward or the westward, and a continuous park everywhere around, green with rich grasses, graced here and there by stately groves, and dotted everywhere along its front by beautiful little cities, growing towns, and thousands of elegant summer and winter villas.

The beauty of this country would be so developed by cutting away the growth, which in many places shuts off the sea view, checks the sweep of the Gulf breeze, and replaces the natural verdure of the ground by a brown coating of dead leaves, that it would become famous at once as one of the fairest spots in all our broad land. Soon it would become crowded with population; and large areas of land, which are now purchasable at almost Government prices, would rise to a comparatively fabulous figure in values. Apparently, the cost of clearing the surface would be paid by the cordwood which this growth would yield.

Bellefontaine is a lovely part of this district, lying at a point intermediate between the bays of Biloxi and Pascagoula. Here the surrounding country is fortunately being beautified by felling of the pine forests.

On the western side of Pascagoula Bay lies the little village of West Pascagoula. Here are located the extensive creosote works of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company. The process of creosoting timbers, having been already described frequently and at considerable length in the press, will not be herein repeated. The thorough saturation of the timber by creosote prevents the attacks of the "*teredo navalis*" to such posts and piles as are used in railroad bridge building across the salt arms of the sea, and also preserves the wood against the ravages of time, and all the bridges on this division of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad are constructed out of timber treated by this process. There are some extensive saw-mills in West Pascagoula, one of the cluster of the center of lumber manufactories in Mississippi.

Leaving West Pascagoula, the course of the train lay along a sort of stone, shell, and sand causeway across the marsh delta of

the Pascagoula river, which might be likened to a little miniature of the great delta of the Mississippi. The main channel of the Pascagoula river itself was crossed on a fine modern iron railroad bridge, containing a wide draw in the center to admit of the passage of a great commerce from the interior.

Stopping at the station on the east side of the bay our party again found themselves on historic ground. On this peninsula, in February or March, 1699, the first boat's crew of Iberville's colonial fleet landed. They chased and captured an old Indian squaw, who, after the usual traditional terrifying and modification, more fortunate than her red-skinned sisters of the Sabine river, in Louisiana, five hundred miles to the westward, was allowed to depart in unmolested joy to show her envious gossips the wonderful trinkets and treasures that had come from the "great white canoes." The French colonists, proceeding a little further, captured an old sick Indian. He was left in a blanket, temporarily, near their camp fire. During the absence of the party the dead pine-straw took fire. The venerable savage was too ill to move, so he went to the happy hunting-grounds in the shape of roast red-skin.

These Indians were found to be of the tribe Pascagoula, or "bread-eaters." If this general termination signify the same, the savages of this section were somewhat given to gustatorial accomplishments, as we have not only the Pascagoulas, but the Ponchatoulas, the Bayagoulas, the Tchapitoulas, and other tribal branches of chronically hungry aborigines.

The French selected Old Biloxi, or modern Ocean Springs, as the site of their colony, though they very soon after their landing established a large colony at Pascagoula.

Before the day of the railroad and during the era of the Mississippi Sound fleets, the old town of Pascagoula, chartered in the year 1836, was the center of population for this immediate region. When the railroad between New Orleans and Mobile was built, the center of population was drawn around the depot on the east bank of Pascagoula river, a little more than a mile from the sea, and the thriving town of Scranton was founded.

Scranton, a live, promising, and growing town, now contains between twelve hundred and fifteen hundred inhabitants. It has two or three hotels, many fine boarding-houses, one of the

best newspapers in the State of Mississippi, the *Pascagoula Democrat-Star*, edited by Captain P. K. Mayers, the extensive Mayberry Canning Factory, and several lumber-manufacturing and ship-building establishments.

The town of Scranton is the capital or county-seat of Jackson county. The court-house, about two hundred yards south of the railroad depot, is a large and handsome brick edifice, one of the best structures of its kind in the State. Mayor S. R. Thompson and other officials and citizens of the town state that the population is permanent on account of the industries of the people, and that, if anything, it is a little larger in winter than in summer. There were many Northerners here last winter, enough to fill all of the boarding-houses and hotels. This class of visitors did not leave until May, and most of them professed the intention of returning this fall and winter. Among the visitors were several lumbermen from Minnesota and Michigan. These prospected a good deal among the timber lands, and one of them entered four sections, while others stated that they would endeavor to change their field of operations from the Northern to the Southern forests.

This is one of the greatest lumber manufacturing districts in the South. In a circle of a diameter of five miles are the saw-mills of West Pascagoula, Scranton, New Venice, and Moss Point, besides three shipyards on the banks of the Pascagoula river. The rivers here come down to the sea from the very heart of the great Southern pine belt, from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles in the interior. These are the West river, the Pascagoula, and the Escatawba, in Choctaw, or "Little Dog," in English. Of the lumber towns, Moss Point alone contains nine large saw-mills, one of which is said to have cost a quarter of a million dollars. The products of all the mills are towed out by powerful tugs, drawing schooners and lighters to the harbor off Horn and Ship Islands, where they are loaded into seagoing vessels. The shipments of lumber from the port of Pascagoula for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1886, were: To foreign ports, 30,383,607 feet; to American ports, 11,253,157 feet, or a total of 41,636,764 feet. The above figures are obtained from the official records of the collector of the port. The number of vessels loaded with lumber clearing, during the past fiscal year, was one hundred and sixty-four; foreign, eighty-four; and coastwise, eighty.

Another very lucrative industry followed in Scranton, besides the lumber business and the canning of oysters, shrimps, vegetables, etc., lies in the large shipments of fish and oysters made every fall, winter, and spring to the Northern markets in refrigerator cars. Great quantities of red fish, groupers, snappers, mackerel, trout, and pompano, caught in seines in the sound, or among the neighboring islands, are thus disposed of to profitable customers a thousand miles away. The local prices for fish are simply astonishingly cheap. During a large part of the year, some of the most choice kinds of the Gulf fish are sold for a cent a pound, and large sea trout at only a cent and a half a piece. Good-sized Spanish mackerel command only ten cents apiece, and pompano may be had even at less figures.

Amid so much abundance, of course, one can be afforded a surfeit of sport of line-fishing. The natives express a good deal of disgust that some of the Northern Waltonians, last year, would fiddle and fool with the trout and redfish with a plaguey reel, thus losing lots of time when they might have been "yanking" them out of the water just as fast as they could throw in their hooks. Local anglers state that the best fishing seasons are from August until November, and from the beginning of February until May.

The duck and snipe shooting is so fine in this locality, during the winter, that the Scrantonians and Pascagoulians contain among them probably a larger proportion of amateur sportsmen than the population of any of the towns of the Mississippi seacoast. They have a strong gun club, and this signifies the fact that, if the game is subjected to a few extra vicissitudes in the shooting season, it has the greater counter-advantage of watchful protection at the time when it is most needed. Everywhere in the South the gentlemen's gun club is the terror of poachers and reckless law-breakers.

Enjoying the pleasant companionship of Captain Mayers, the writer visited the seashore town of East Pascagoula. This was once a famous watering-place, in fact one of the most celebrated summer resorts in the South, and there is no reason why it should not go far beyond its ancient repute.

In the ante-bellum days Pascagoula contained the most extensive summer hotel in the South. Fronting the sea it was located in a broad and beautiful park seventy acres in extent. The hotel was six hundred and twenty-five feet in length, contained more



than three hundred rooms, and could comfortably accommodate, at one time, more than a thousand guests. It was most liberally patronized by wealthy Alabamians or the planting aristocracy of the former banner cotton State. In the era of poverty which followed the termination of civil strife, the South was unable to patronize its former popular resorts. The great hotel went to ruins, and now nothing but the wreck of crumbling foundations remains to mark the site where pleasure once owned a summer palace in the days of an opulent epoch. In more recent years, since the Gulf States have rebuilt their broken fortunes, it became more fashionable for Southern summer tourists to seek rest and recreation in the more bustling, overcrowded resorts of Northern climes. Their own pleasant watering-places were treated with neglect by a new generation of youth, fashion, and beauty. Thus, famous old Pascagoula has become a quaint slumbering village by the sea, where the wind sighs through the swaying boughs of its grand old live-oaks like a sad echo of the thousand love tales of the long ago breathed under their branches, where the roses bend and bloom as but sweet memories of the beauties of a regal race of women, and where the waves that break on the shore seem to bear the burden of a dirge for a day that is forever dead—as if only these could remember there was ever a land so famed in song and story as the “Old South.”

Pascagoula has a beautiful location on its live-oak shaded shores, with the blue Gulf, dotted with islands, lying before it, and the wide winding river washing its western border. Had it received as a direct increase the growth it gave to its more modern suburbs, or surrounding towns, it would have been quite a city by this time.

While these towns increase, with their manufacturing interests, the future growth of Pascagoula must be more dependent upon its popularity as a summer and winter resort, and upon its eligibility as a site for large hotels and fine residences. It is very certain that if a winter hotel were built on the same scale as the celebrated ancient summer hotel of Pascagoula, it would receive a very liberal patronage from the North. It can now accommodate three or four hundred people. In five years it may be made to accommodate as many thousands.

The agricultural resources of the region around these towns are

comparatively well developed. Truck farms are cultivated, whence large shipments of early vegetables are made Northward every spring; and summer vegetables are grown to supply the neighboring canning factories. Some of the enterprising land owners are doing a very wise thing. They are clearing away the pine forests and planting pecan groves in their places. This whole seacoast seems to be well adapted to the growth of these beautiful and very valuable trees. All the fruits indigenous to this region (which have been mentioned in preceding articles of this series) thrive well in the country around Pascagoula.

The writer who described Pascagoula and said nothing about the mysterious music, welling from the depths of its wonderfully melodious burg and river, would be deemed behind the age. Those who have gone before in this business have drawn liberally on their fancy, and one must hesitate before he accepts as final any of these highly-embellished legends about immolated chieftains and immersed maidens. It is wonderful that any man would be willing to try his hand at that style of literature after Tom Moore's inimitable description of the fate of the fire-worshippers on the headland of Oman and the mermaid-lulled sleep of the maiden Hinda beneath the green wave. This sad music of the sea has been heard by many a race for many an age. It comes in the wild wail of Oceanidæ, who, with tossing arms and heaving breast, bemoaned the fate of Prometheus chained to his sea-girt rock, with his vitals torn by vultures because he dared to flinch the intellectual fire which illuminated the minds of the very gods and the very goddesses he worshiped only as a vain mortal. It is wafted from the warm, passionately-sighing breath of the Lorelie, as, with shining tresses of gold, white, twining arms, and rich, clinging lips, she draws the sinking mariner down, down, down to a death which those who have been rescued from drowning, after pain and consciousness have fled, have called a glorious, rapturous dream.

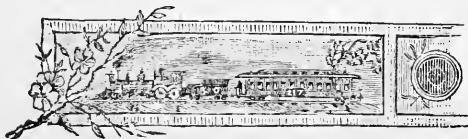
It was heard by Ulysses, who, honoring his loyal mate, stuffed cotton in his ears to keep out the voices of the syrens, when if he had lived in these modern times he would have found it just as easy to hush their music by trading back the same kind of taffy.

On many shores and islands are found to-day the strange singing sands, and in many parts of the sea, for two thousand years,

have been heard by men the weird music that rises in the lonely nights of Pascagoula.

Amateur naturalists say that the mysterious music of Pascagoula comes from a vast multitude of fish of the drum species, to which the croaker, the drum, the redfish, and other varieties of the "gill-grinders" of the Gulf belong, whose drumming produces a monotonous hum, which is heard on still nights or when the schools of fish are unusually numerous. At times that same music may be heard among the islands or from the bays in other parts of the Gulf of Mexico.

From Scranton, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad takes a direct north-eastern course, leaving the waters of Mississippi Sound, and running through a beautiful pine forest. This forest is gradually disappearing; the immense saw-mills located on the line are reducing it to merchantable lumber in a variety of forms, which are shipped to the principal markets of this country. Grand Bay, St. Elmo, and Venetia, are the principal stations between Scranton and Mobile. Just before reaching Mobile, the road crosses Fowl river, and passes near Frascati, a noted resort for the people of Mobile. Here, the line tends toward Mobile Bay; a beautiful view of that bay is presented, together with the shipping industries of Mobile. Of this city and its surroundings and attractions, both as a commercial center and health resort for Northern tourists, much could be written, but we have not time to take up any further description of this coast than already given; it is destined to become the winter home of the Northerner.



# HOW TO REACH THE GULF COAST.

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The Gulf Coast, herein described, lying between Mobile and New Orleans, is on the New Orleans and Mobile Division of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and is reached only by this line. This great North and South trunk line, with its southern terminal at New Orleans, runs north-eastwardly to Mobile and Montgomery, thence almost directly North through Calera, Birmingham, Decatur, and Columbia to Nashville, Tenn. From this point it branches, running to the North-east and North-west : through Louisville to Cincinnati, and through Evansville to St. Louis.

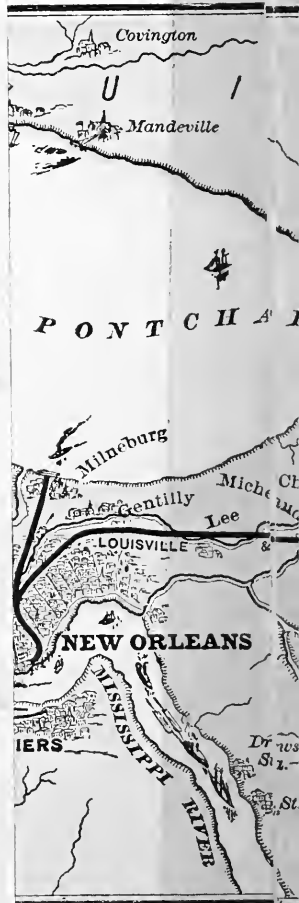
At Louisville and Cincinnati connections are made with through-car lines from and to all Northern and Eastern cities. At Evansville and St. Louis connections are made with through-car lines from and to all Northern and Western cities.

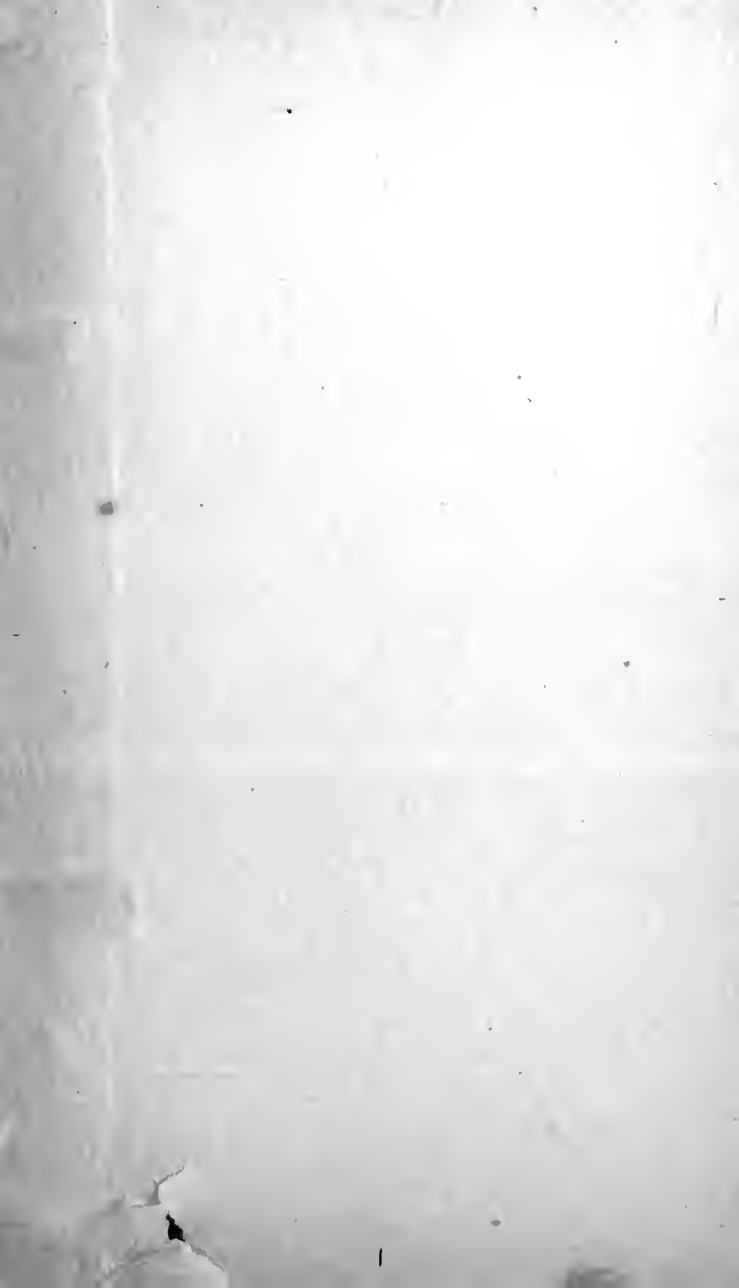
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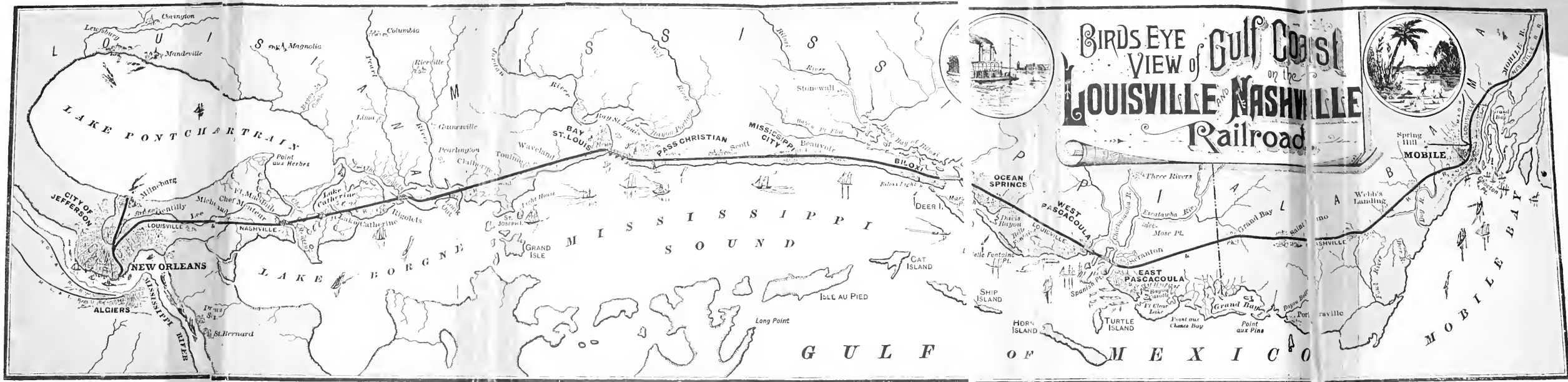
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